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ALONE.

BY ALICE CARY.

What shall I do when I stand in my place,
Unclothed of this garment of cloud and dust,
Unclothed of this garment of selfish lust,
With my Maker, face to face!

What shall I say for my worldly pride?
What for the things I have done and *not* done?
There will be no cloud then over the sun,
And no grave wherein to hide.

No time for waiting, no time for prayer—
No friend that with me my life-path trod,
To help me—only my soul and my God,
And all my sins laid bare.

No dear human pity, no low loving speech
About me that terrible day shall there be—
Remitted back into myself, I shall see
All sweetest things out of reach.

But why should I tremble before th' unknown,
And put off the blushing and shame? Now—to-day!
The friend close beside me seems far, far away,
And I stand at God's judgment alone!

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THE HUNTED LIFE.

A STORY OF STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE.—THE WANDERER.

An hour passed away after we had taken our station in the grove, and no unusual sound was heard. Eastwood expressed the opinion that the Indians might not come at all.

"Ye don't know 'em," said Paul. "Ef they're alive, they'll be here, sartin. Any way, if they don't come, it'll be because they've seed our fixin's. But jes' hold on awhile. They aint ginerally in a big hurry—them varmint aint. They mayn't be here till midnight."

Within five minutes after the trapper had spoken, one of the horses began to snuff loudly, and directly the others followed his example.

"Ha! That yer means somethin'," Paul whispered. "Hark!"

"Are they coming?" asked Peter, with a sudden lifting of his rifle.

"Not yet, I reckon," replied the trapper. "That's only a scout. But hold on,—we'll know afore long."

We watched and listened, and in a little while the animals became easy again.

"'Twere a scout," said Paul. "He's been and seed 'at all was quiet, an' now he's gone to report."

"They'll be here soon, then," suggested Eastwood.

"Thar aint no sartinty o' that," replied the trapper. "We'll give 'em their own time, an' be ready for 'em when they come."

Another hour passed, and it was almost midnight. The moon had sank so low that our camp was all in the deep shadow of the forest, though there was light enough to enable us to distinguish objects quite plainly in the open places. By and by the horses began to snuff again, this time more startlingly than before; and it was evident that one or two of them were trying their tethers severely.

"Now what d'ye think?" whispered Paul, between his clenched teeth.

"They're coming," I said, feeling for my shotgun, which had been leaning against a tree.

"They're comin', sartin," responded our guide; "an' they're our game, too. It's a miser'ble kind o' game, though—miser'ble enough. 'Taint wuth huntin', nohow; but it's wuth shootin'. Look sharp. They aint fur away."

Peter stood by my side, and I could hear his heart beat distinctly. It was a new thing for him, as it was for Dick, and John, and Haskett; but I do not think they had any idea of wishing themselves out of the scrape individually. If the whole party could have been removed from the necessity of the conflict, it would undoubtedly have pleased them; but I am sure that not one of them would have escaped, had the opportunity been ever so favorable, and left his companions behind. With me the case was different. I was used to that sort of thing. I had been engaged in too many conflicts in the chaparrals and wild passes of Mexico to experience much heart-beating at meeting a war-party of Osage Indians.

In a little while Paul came to my side, and told me that the redskins would soon be in our camp, and he wanted me to give directions, if I wished.

"We'll arrange it between us," I said. "Of course they will knock down our wooden sentinel first, and then attack the tent"

"They'll do that yer all to onc't," he replied.

"But," I added, "they'll all be likely to hover near the tent. They won't divide, and part of them make for the horses."

"O, Lord bless ye, no. The consarned varmints want our blood fust, an' there'll be a scramble to see who shall have the scalps off'm our heads."

Paul was undoubtedly right in his conjectures, so we made our arrangements accordingly. We agreed that we would remain perfectly quiet until the Indians were all in sight; and that when we fired it should be at the word from our guide. We would discharge our rifles first, then give them the contents of our fowling-pieces as quickly as possible; and then rush upon them, ere they could recover themselves, reserving our pistols for further need.

As I stood, with my rifle ready, I felt a hand upon my arm, and on turning I found that John Head had edged up to my side.

"I declare, Maurice," he said, in a tone which proved his sincerity, "this is getting to be a little exciting; and I must say that I rather like it. It may be wrong to feel so; and I s'pose Parson Kimball would say 'twas wicked; but I can't help it."

Ah—that was John, all over. The spirit of adventure was rampant within him.

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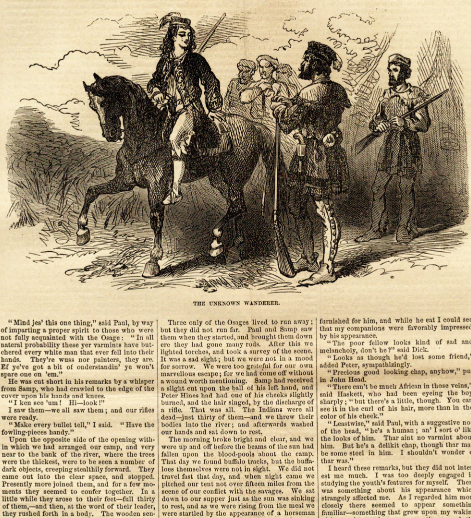

THE UNKNOWN WANDERER.

"Mind jes' this one thing," said Paul, by way of imparting a proper spirit to those who were not fully acquainted with the Osage: "In all nateral probability these yer varmints have butchered every white man that ever fell into their hands. They're wuss nor painters, they are. Ef ye've got a bit of onderstandin' ye won't spare one on 'em."

He was cut short in his remarks by a whisper from Samp, who had crawled to the edge of the cover upon his hands and knees.

"I ken see 'um! Hi—look!"

I saw them—we all saw them; and our rifles were ready.

"Make every bullet tell," I said. "Have the fowling-pieces handy."

Upon the opposite side of the opening within which we had arranged our camp, and very near to the bank of the river, where the trees were the thickest, were to be seen a number of dark objects, creeping stealthily forward. They came out into the clear space, and stopped. Presently more joined them, and for a few moments they seemed to confer together. In a little while they arose to their feet—full thirty of them,—and then, at the word of their leader, they rushed forth in a body. The wooden sentinel was overthrown, and while two or three pounced upon the effigy, the rest set up a yell that sounded like the howlings of demons, and plunged towards the tent. At this point a startled cry broke from those who had attempted to scalp the wooden man, and their companions stopped.

"Hist!" came from Paul's lips. "Now's our time! Ready!—Fire!"

As one man we discharged our rifles; and then, without waiting to notice the result, we took our double-barrelled pieces, and cocked both hammers.

Just remember, dear reader, what weapons we had, and then you may not be surprised at the result which I shall announce. We had discharged seven rifles, and we now had seven heavy fowling-pieces, with two barrels each, and each barrel loaded with at least a dozen largest-sized buck-shot. And, furthermore, the Indians were in a bunch, crowded together like sheep, having turned, upon the firing of our rifles, to make out where we were.

"Now's yer time! Don't wait!" cried Paul.

It was a fatal shower of leaden hail which we rained upon them then. The fourteen barrels were discharged with a sure aim; and with the first lifting of the smoke we could see that the red marauders were fearfully thinned out.

He who sits calmly in his easy chair, by the peaceful fireside, and judges of these things with his sympathies aroused for the actually suffering, may think that the remnant of that war-party might have been spared. But, my dear friend, you don't know the Osage—you don't know how deadly is his hatred—how malevolently brutal his spirit of revenge. A war-party of those savages is like a virulent cancer. Leave but a single vein of the virus in the system, and the evil will return more dangerously than before. No,—there could be no half-way work. Paul Redwing gave the battle-cry, and we dashed forth after him.

I need not detail the scenes that followed. If you old folks in New Hampshire, away up under the shadow of Kearsarge, imagine that Eastwood, and Dick Thorn, and Peter Hines, and quaint John Head, couldn't harm a fly, you should have seen them on that night, when they rushed upon the Osage warriors. You should have seen John Head shoot down two gaunt redskins. You should have seen Peter cleave a savage skull. You should have seen Dick—quiet, lady-loving Dick—turned to a grim destroyer. And, moreover, you should have seen Haskett, after he had discharged both his pistols, seize a wounded redskin and cast him upon the ground as though it were a mere child in his hands. Ah, the smell of "villainous gunpowder," and the howls of mad Indians, will harden, for the time, a very soft and tender heart.

Three only of the Osages lived to run away; but they did not run far. Paul and Samp saw them when they started, and brought them down ere they had gone many rods. After this we lighted torches, and took a survey of the scene. It was a sad sight; but we were not in a mood for sorrow. We were too grateful for our own marvellous escape; for we had come off without a wound worth mentioning. Samp had received a slight cut upon the ball of his left hand, and Peter Hines had had one of his cheeks slightly burned, and the hair singed, by the discharge of a rifle. That was all. The Indians were all dead—just thirty of them—and we threw their bodies into the river; and afterwards washed our hands and sat down to rest.

The morning broke bright and clear, and we were up and off before the beams of the sun had fallen upon the blood-pools about the camp. That day we found buffalo tracks, but the buffaloes themselves were not in sight. We did not travel fast that day, and when night came we pitched our tent not over fifteen miles from the scene of our conflict with the savages. We sat down to our supper just as the sun was sinking to rest, and as we were rising from the meal we were startled by the appearance of a horseman close upon the camp He had apparently come over the same course which we had traversed, and as soon as he saw that he was noticed, he drew up.

"Eh!—what's this?" cried Paul, starting to his feet.

"Suppose you find out," I replied.

"I ken do that yer thing very easy." And taking his rifle, he went out to where the stranger had stopped. He came back presently and spoke to me:

"That yer chap wants to see the leader o' this party; an' I s'pose that's you, Capt'n."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"That's more than I ken tell ye. He's a sort o' three-quarters, I should take it. Ther's nigger in him, an', mebbe, some Spanish. He may be a Mexican Quadroon. But he aint noth'n to be afeared on, Capt'n. He's quiet, I reckon."

"Does he say what he wants?"

"No,—I didn't ask him."

Upon this I went out, and as I approached, the stranger slid down from his saddle. Many a time in my life have I been very strongly impressed in favor of people the first time I beheld them; but never before had I been so remarkably impressed as on this occasion. It seemed a mere boy upon whom my eyes rested—of a light, delicate form; with hair, black as night, clustering in close, glossy ringlets about his neck and temples; with eyes large and brilliant; and with features carved to a mould of the purest poetry of outline. The skin was flushed with a dark tinge, like the color of a Moorish maiden; and the pearly teeth, set within a mouth of exquisite shape, gave a sort of dazzling finish to the strange beauty of the tawny face. His garb was such as is usually worn by the better class of servants upon some of the Mexican haciendas. Flesh colored stockiegs; with loose, pointed trowsers, slashed with silk, and reaching just below the knees; a jacket of green cloth, neatly embroidered; and a cap of the same color.

"Are you the leader of this party, good sir?" he asked. His voice was low and sweet, and though there was a foreign accent apparent in every word, yet it was so musical that it seemed really to add to the language.

I told him that we had no particular leader; but that I had authority to speak for my companions.

He then told me that he had been very unfortunate, and that he wished to travel under our guardianship.

"You have not had supper," I said.

"No."

"Then suppose you come and eat, and tell us your story afterwards. You shall have rest with us to-night, at all events."

He led his horse to a tree, and made him fast, and then followed me to the camp. Food was furnished for him, and while he eat I could see that my companions were favorably impressed by his appearance.

"The poor fellow looks kind of sad and melancholy, don't he?" said Dick.

"Looks as though he'd lost some friend," added Peter, sympathizingly.

"Precious good looking chap, anyhow," put in John Head.

"There can't be much African in those veins," said Haskett, who had been eyeing the boy sharply; "but there's a little, though. You can see it in the curl of his hair, more than in the color of his cheek."

"Leastwise," said Paul, with a suggestive nod of the head, "he's a human; an' I sort o' like the looks of him. Thar aint no varmint about him. But he's a delikit chap, though thar may be some steel in him. I shouldn't wonder ef thar was."

I heard these remarks, but they did not interest me much. I was too deeply engaged in studying the youth's features for myself. There was something about his appearance which strangely affected me. As I regarded him more closely there seemed to appear something familiar—something that grew upon my waking vision, as impressions may sometimes reach the mind after the object which caused them has passed. But I dared not watch him too closely, for his gaze was frequently turned upon me, and my look seemed to trouble him.

Finally he was done his supper, and as the evening was becoming somewhat cool and damp, we retired to the tent, where he told us his story. It was very simple—what he told us then—and ran as follows: He said his name was Manuel Marti; that he was older than he looked to be, though he was willing to be called a boy, and to be treated as such. He had left St. Louis about three weeks before, in company with his master and a few friends; but he could not tell whither they had been bound. "Three days ago," he said, "a herd of buffaloes appeared in sight, and the party gave them chase, leaving me behind. They were soon out of sight, and I have not seen them since. I remained where they had left me through one long night, in hopes that they would come back and find me; but I could wait no longer. I rode some miles in the direction which they took, but I could not find them. Yesterday morning I came upon a spot where I knew that white men had camped; as I could tell by the pieces of bread which had been left, and by the stumps of half-smoked cigars that lay around. I found the track—it was fresh—and I followed it. In the afternoon, however, I saw a party of Indians, and I hid away from them; and this morning I struck your track again, and have succeeded in reaching you. It may be that my friends have got lost; it may be that they have returned without me; and it may be that they have been murdered and robbed by the Indians. At all events, I am alone and friendless; and if you will allow me to remain with you I will serve you as best I can. I may fall in with my friends; and I may not. If I do not, I must remain with you until we reach the bounds of civilization again. Do not refuse me. I will be faithful and serve you well."

As Manuel Marti concluded all eyes were turned to me, as though it devolved upon me to make the reply; and, furthermore, the boy's request had been seemingly bent in the same direction.

"Shall it rest with me to decide?" I asked, glancing around upon my companions.

They all nodded affirmatively, Dick remarking at the same time:

"You'll take the lead, Maurice, though of course our decisions are all made."

"Then," said I, turning to the boy, and taking his hand, "you remain with us."

He raised my hand to his lips, and kissed it, and I felt a warm tear fall upon it. My heart warmed towards him more and more, and I felt glad that he had come. I did not dream then how much service he was to be to me. I could not have imagined how nearly our fates might run together. And yet something of all this may have been impressed upon me then, only I did not see it—I did not comprehend it.

CHAPTER VIII.

MANUEL'S STORY. AN ADVENTURE.

By the time we were ready for a start on the following morning, Manuel Marti had so far won upon the good feelings of our party that they were all glad he had come. His conquest was a very quiet one, and very decided. His gratitude was so equally distributed, that each one felt in duty bound to shield and protect him. And yet, when we had set forth on our tramp, he sought my side, and rode near me during the day—sometimes falling back and sometimes speaking with the others—but returning to me as though I were the one he preferred to serve. And my interest in him grew stronger and stronger. New sources of curiosity were being developed, and the more I studied his features, the more firm was I in the belief that I had seen him somewhere before. He seemed to read my thoughts, for, as we rode along through a deep wood, he touched me upon the arm, and asked me if I had ever been in New Orleans.

"Yes," I told him.

"You were there two years ago?"

"Yes."

"And you stopped at the Verandah?"

"Yes."

"You do not remember seeing me there?"

"Were you there at that time?" I asked, gazing into his face.

"I did not think you would remember me," he said, with a deep touch of melancholy in his tone. "I was differently situated then."

"But I do remember you," I cried. "I remember you very well, though I might not have been able to tell where I had seen you. I was very busy when I was in New Orleans, and if you remember, many other officers were stopping at the Verandah with me. I was in active service then."

"I recollect," said Manuel. He bowed his head a moment, and then added, without looking up, "There have been great changes since then. It is only two years, and a little more, but the friends of that time are not the friends of to-day." He heaved a deep sigh, and swept his hand over his brow as though there were a touch of pain there.

If ever I felt an interest in a human being, I felt an interest in that boy then. He had touched my heart so deeply that I loved him—loved not as I loved mere friends, but more as I might have loved a child of my own blood. What was his story? Might I not hear it?

"My dear Manuel," I said, with a feeling so deep that my lip quivered, "if you have no other friend to trust, why not trust me? I have seen enough of this life, and of this life's bitter sufferings, to know that the confidence and sympathy of a true heart can yield sweet relief. You have suffered."

He did not reply at once, but I saw a tear drop upon his saddle-bow. Finally he turned his eyes upon me, and through their brimming moisture I could see the light of a warm, heartfelt thankfulness.

"I don't know why it is," he said, "but something tells me that you will be a friend to me. I turn to you with all confidence, and my soul has no shrinking."

How nearly he spoke my own feelings! And yet how strange it was. Such a meeting, in that wide wilderness, and such sudden growth of affection!

"Tell me," I said, "what you will, and you shall have all my sympathy."

"Ah, kind sir," he returned, with a slight shake of the head, "I cannot tell you much—not now—for I have not framed my feelings for speech. And yet I would tell you something. You will often see me sad and desponding, and, if you are to be my friend, I would not have you ignorant of the cause of my grief, while all about me are so kind. I am an orphan, sir."

"So am I," I responded, echoing his own tone of sadness.

"That is no slight draught of bitterness in this poor life-cup," he added, with trembling lip.

"O, how nearly you touch my heart," I cried. "It is a painful thing, the loss of one's parents."

"And yet, sir," he said, in a tone of touching sweetness, "there are many things in life worse than that. A loved parent, risen to the Better World, may lift our hearts heavenward if we have the will to trust in God's goodness. A parent dead is far better than a parent dishonored. Over the death of our loved ones, Faith may triumph gloriously. The heart given to Hope and Prayer loses not its hold upon the cherished ones whom God hath called away. The thought of the lost ones will often lay a melancholy touch upon our spirits, but he who looks upon death as the sleep from which the weary one awakes to a better Life, will never sink to desolation from that cause."

How touching were his words—how they thrilled me! He was giving me a new lesson of life. How I was loving the gentle boy more and more!

"You will not think me simple," he went on, "if, after all, I have found a grief which no philosophy can soothe. The heart crushed and broken by the blasting of life's fairest hopes may not easily rise to a state of resignation. I am young—just entering upon the sphere of life's labors—but it needs not the experience of years to make the heart strong and willful in its affections. I have loved—loved as I have thus far believed that man can love but once—and, sir, the blight hath come. Had death taken my love and glorified it, I might have turned my gaze heavenward, and found relief in the hopes which a risen Saviour left for those who mourn, but such relief is not mine. A fate far more cruel than death hath crushed me. My love lived, and yet is turned from me!"

Tears started from Manuel's eyes as he ceased speaking, and tears, too, rolled down my own cheeks. I could no more have stayed my emotions than I could have silenced the whispering of the breeze. Samp had been suffered to pass us with his team, so we were at some distance behind the rest of our party. I stopped and caught the boy—no, no, not a boy then, for he had known the agony of a man—I caught his hand, and gazed into his face without trying to hide the feelings that had stirred my spirit so deeply.

"Manuel," I cried, "some strange fate must have brought us together, that we might sympathize with each other. I have known what it is to suffer as you have suffered. I have known what it is to lose parents, and I have felt the bitter agony of that other bereavement—that desolation of heart and soul consequent upon the rending of the holiest cords of life, and the whelming of earth's fairest hopes. At some future time you shall tell me your story, and I, in return, will tell you mine. Shall it not be so?"

"Yes," he said.

And then we rode on again, and ere long rejoined our companions. Manuel had recovered his usual quiet composure, and entered into a conversation with Dick, while I rode up and spoke with the old trapper.

"What d'ye make out o' that yer boy?" he asked, after we had conversed awhile upon another subject.

I told Paul that I liked his appearance very much.

"He has been very unfortunate," I said, "and has lost many friends. He knew me. He saw me in New Orleans a little over two years ago."

"Eh—did he? Wal, I raythor like the looks o' the chap myself. I think he's honest, though I must say 'at I kind o' reckoned as how't he might be a runaway."

"A runaway, Paul?"

"Yes, Capt'n. I kind o' fancied 'at he might a' been a servant to some bigbug, an' run away in a fit o' the sulks. But that don't matter. 'Taint none o' my business. As long as he's well disposed, I'd treat him jus' as if he were a white boy. Hi! Look sharp! What's that yer?"

We had just come out upon a broad piece of prairie, and the object which had attracted Paul's attention so suddenly was a herd of buffaloes. There were several hundred of them, grazing close by the edge of the timber, but they had taken the alarm, and were now scampering away pell-mell.

"Here's sport, boys!" the trapper shouted. "We'll have some o' them yer fellows." He bade Samp haul up, and wait where he was, and then he unslung his rifle, and dashed away after the herd. I followed, and after me came the rest of our party.

As we approached the herd they divided into three sections, and as Paul kept on after the main body, I dashed off to the left in pursuit of the wing which had taken that direction. It was an exciting season—tramp, tramp, tramp—my horse upon the full gallop, and my rifle ready. I had selected a magnificent bull for my mark, and let several opportunities at smaller game pass. Directly I was in the midst of the herd, and my aim was upon the huge leader of the gang. I fired—he gave a leap forward—then started upon one side, and then fell. His companions sped quickly away and left him, and as I reached his side I leaped from my horse for the purpose of dispatching the animal with my knife. I had got very near to him, with my knife in my hand, and was looking for the point in his throat where I should strike, when he gave a desperate leap, and struggled to his feet. I started back, expecting to see him fall again; but he did not. In the stead thereof he turned his head towards his fleeing companions. I saw then that I had wounded him in the left shoulder, and it must have been the jostling of his mates that threw him, for my bullet had not done mischief enough for that. As I saw that he was bent upon running away, I did just what many others might have done under like circumstances. I drew one of my pistols, and fired at him. The ball struck him upon the haunch, and he stopped and turned. I saw my danger in a moment, and turned to remount my horse. My hand was upon the rein, and I had raised my foot half-way to the stirrup, when the animal gave a start, which threw me off my guard, and brought the muzzle of my rifle against his eye. This blow upon the tender spot, blurring his vision, and giving him sudden pain, he probably associated with the coming of the bull, for he wheeled like lightning, and bounded away over the prairie, leaving me to my fate.

And a hard fate it promised to be. At that moment I would have given all the material wealth I ever possessed had my rifle been loaded; but it was empty, and I had no time to charge it. The bull was within a rod of me, plunging madly on, smarting with the pain of the wounds I had given him, and bent on speedy vengeance. I had no time for thought. Moments were as hours then. He was coming, with his tail high in the air, his head bent low down, ready to take me upon his horns, while upon his huge, swart breast great gouts of foam were gathering from his mouth. I watched him as he came, and darted upon one side in season to let him pass me. He went but a few yards beyond me, and then turned upon me again. I looked to see if there was a tree near at hand. There was not such a thing within a mile of me—nothing but one unbroken spread of prairie all about me. In the distance—in the far distance—I could see some of my companions, and under the impulse of the great fear which was upon me, I shouted to them for help; but I might as well have shouted to the winds. The maddened bull was coming again—coming straight towards me—and once more I evaded him by leaping aside. But how long could this last? Twice the monster's blind rage had led him thus furiously on, but my hopes of a successful continuance of that sort of strategy were not strong.

When the bull turned again he stopped, and glared upon me as though he did not mean to be again foiled. I think I never saw a more terrific sight. The brute stood now with his head erect; his nostrils widely distended; his shaggy mane clouted with foam from his mouth, and blood from the wound on his shoulder; and his great eyes glaring like balls of fire. Directly he lowered his head with a thundering roar, and ploughed up the sod with his horns; and then, as he tossed the dirt high into the air, he commenced to move towards me—not as before, with a rush, but with more of a calculating movement, roaring madly, and watching me even while he drove his firm-set horns into the earth. What should I do? There could be no leaping aside from such an attack; and if I turned to run, he would overtake me almost at the first bound. I was cool—I could not be otherwise, for every nerve in my body was strung like steel. And yet my movements were rather involuntary than the result of calculation. I had one loaded pistol left, and I drew it just as the infuriate beast was prepared to dash upon me. I discharged it directly into his face; and, blinded by the fire and smoke, he plunged forward. Again I avoided him, and this time he went some distance before he stopped, as the concussion of the bullet had evidently disturbed his senses, if it had not partially stunned him. As I saw this I started to run. I sped on with all my might, leaving my rifle behind me; but ere I had gone many rods I knew that the bull was pursuing me. I felt the ground quake behind me—I heard the terrific roar—and I stopped and turned. The monster was within two rods of me, and I saw by his look that he was bound for the death-struggle. He slackened his speed as soon as I turned, and advanced upon me with close, short bounds, snorting loudly, and shaking the gore from a new wound over the right eye.

At that moment I cried—"God help me!" I knew not what I could do for myself. There was no dodging—there was no escape by flight—and I had no weapon save my knife.

Hark! Another sound than that of the bull broke upon my ear. It was the footfall of a horse. And then followed the report of a rifle; and the raving beast, pierced by another bullet, surged wide of his mark—plunged on with a few wild bounds—and sank upon the ground. I turned, and saw Manuel Marti. He was pale as death, and the discharged rifle had dropped from his grasp.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, in a gasping tone, at the same time seeming to reel in his saddle.

"No," I cried; "but you are hurt, Manuel. What is it?"

"No, no," he quickly replied; "I am not hurt. And you are safe. O, thank God!"

I took his hand, and he very soon became calm, though it cost him a mighty effort, as I could see by the workings of his features.

"You have saved my life," I told him.

"I saw you," he returned, "when your horse left you, and came to your aid as soon as I could. My hand was steady when I aimed my rifle, and I think that Heaven heard my earnest prayer, and helped me."

Aye—the boy had saved me! I had not seen him approaching, for I had not looked in that direction; but he had come in good season, and his mission was accomplished. How I thanked him and blessed him I need not tell; and how my love for him grew and strengthened from that time the reader may judge.

I rode back with Manuel upon his horse, and found my own beast safe in Samp's charge; and ere long we were joined by the rest of the party. We had killed buffaloes enough, and I had certainly had my share of adventure. When old Paul saw the bull which had come so near proving my destroyer, he declared that it was the biggest one he had ever set his eyes upon.

"And, moreover," he added, with a kindling eye, "this yer boy's a hero." To which opinion the others gave a hearty assent.

Manuel bowed his head, and drew nearer to my side, as though he would hide his face from those who gazed so wonderingly upon him.

CHAPTER IX.

PAUL'S ADVENTURE. SOMETHING STARTLING.

Towards the latter part of the afternoon we came upon another belt of timber, and Paul told us that a few miles further on we should strike the Little Verdigris River; and he also informed us that we were not far from the land of the Cherokees.

Since the adventure of the forenoon Manuel had remained most of the time close by the wagon, riding alone; once in a while speaking with Samp, but seeming, for the most part, to prefer the companionship of his own thoughts. The remark which the old trapper had dropped touching the boy's former station in life had dwelt much upon my mind, and I pondered over it until it fairly troubled me. I fancied that I could detect in Manuel's face, as he bent his head in meditation, the marks of a pain which might arise from fear. The spell was upon me—my object was the boy's welfare—and I resolved to question him. We had entered the wood, and I fell back and joined him.

"You are meditative," I said, with a smile.

He gazed up into my face, and smiled in return; but the smile was very faint.

"I have been thinking," he finally replied; and then he added, with another smile, "the companionship of one's own thoughts is always so convenient that we often seek it, even though it be not so very pleasant."

"That is so," I responded. "Such companionship, be it pleasant or not, is so often forced upon us, that we cannot avoid it; and yet," I went on, after a momentary pause, "we sometimes verily seek the companionship of unpleasant thoughts, even to the exclusion of happier things. Is it not so?"

"Yes," he said.

"And," I pursued, "may we not sometimes be forced to the keeping of such unwelcome companionship by retaining in our own bosoms secrets which might be rendered far less burdensome if they were confided to some true friend?"

"You are right, sir."

"Then, my dear Manuel, I am going to be frank with you."

"Be as frank as you please," he returned.

"And you will be frank with me?"

"I will try to be," he said.

I might have put the question in some different shape; but I wished to come at it as directly as possible, and so may have been a little abrupt.

"I have a question to ask," I commenced, "and I have only to pray that you will believe me actuated solely by a wish for your good. I have watched you as you have been engaged with your own thoughts, and I have seen that something troubles you. If I knew just how you were situated I might help you. This is the question I would ask: Is it not a necessity with you that your whereabouts should remain unknown. Would you dare that every living thing should know where and what you are?"

I was startled at the result of my question; and no sooner had the words escaped my lips than I would have given worlds could I have recalled them. Manuel started as though he had been mortally stricken, and the blood all fled from his face. He trembled, and turned his eyes from me.

"My dearest, best friend," I cried, placing my hand upon his arm, "forgive me if I have trespassed. I meant not to touch you unkindly."

With one of those powerful efforts which I had seen him call before to his aid, he so far overcame the emotion as to speak quite calmly, though I could see that the fountain of his feelings was yet deeply troubled.

"I have nothing to forgive," he said. "Only I would ask you a question. Will you tell me what you mean—what you suspect? To what did your inquiry refer?"

"I will be frank," I replied. "I wondered if you might not have escaped from some burdensome yoke. Do not think that I imagined you had been guilty of any crime, and were fleeing from justice; for such a thought was not with me."

"I understand," the boy said, with a motion of the hand which seemed to beseech me to say no more. He paused a few moments, and finally added, as his late emotion appeared to be entirely subdued: "We shall remain together until you return to St. Louis. The time may come when I shall wish to tell you my whole story; but I cannot do it now. Do not ask me; for it pains me to be forced to refuse you an answer to questions which seem so fair and simple."

I gave the boy my hand, and having once more asked him to forgive me, I promised him that I would never approach the subject again until he should invite me. He thanked me, and shortly afterwards we rejoined our companions.

"Ye're just in time," said Paul, as we came up. "Here's the river; an' here's about whar we'll make our camp."

It was a delightful spot. The river was small; the waters cool, and clear as crystal; the grass upon the sloping bank green and soft; and the large trees, without underbrush of any kind, standing just near enough together to give a pleasing effect to the landscape. The tent was set up, and when the horses had been provided for, we turned our attention to supper. As we sat around the camp-fire in the evening Paul Redwing remarked that he once had a very curious adventure very near that same spot.

"Aye," said Peter; "so you told me this afternoon; and you promised to give us the story when you had a good chance."

We were all anxious to hear the old trapper's story, and having knocked the ashes from his pipe, he commenced:

"It wur a good many years ago that the thing happened as I am goin' to tell it to ye. I wur then a younger man than I be now—jus' about five-an'-twenty, I reckon; but there weren't many men this side o' the Mississippi that could handle me. Paul Redwing was reckoned, in them days, the strongest specimen of a trapper there was a movin'. I started from Santa Fe, bound for the Mississippi, with a great heap of precious papers. I had money in them yer papers, an' some things that was worth more'n money. I didn't know 'dxactly the value of all I had, but I know'd 'at it wur a heap. Paul Redwing was know'd to be honest, an' they weren't afeard to trust him. In them days, ye must remember, thar weren't so much travel as there is now, an' the road above the Arkansaw wur just laid out; so that a man in Santa Fe, that wanted to send anything to the States, had to watch for his chance. Howsumever, it wur a good chance enough to send by me, for I wur strong an' trusty, an' I had good men with me. There was six besides me—six stout trappers—all bound off together for the great river; so 't our party wur considered a pooty safe one.

"On the mornin' afore I wur ready to start two men come to see me. They was strangers to me, both on 'em, and looked like Mexicans. One of 'em asked me, in Spanish, ef they could go with us. Now it's a sort of habit I got into, mixin' up with so many people, never to let on all I know'd the fust thing. I understood the man well enough, for I could talk that kind o' lingo pooty glib; but, thinks I, ef he can talk English, I'll make him; so I pertended 'at I didn't know a word he said. Upon this he let it out in my own tongue, an' he did it well enough, too. He said he and his companion was goin' to New Orleans, an' they would like to travel with us. They was willin' to pay ef we wanted 'em to. I didn't 'dxactly fancy the looks o' the chaps; but then I didn't fear 'em; so I told 'em they might go. They offered to pay me in advance; but I told 'em to hold on, 'cause I might charge 'em just accordin' to how they behaved.

"We started about the middle o' the forenoon, with good hosses, and kind o' promised ourselves 'at we should get on pooty well. The two Mexicans behaved theirselves like gentlemen, and were very kind in helpin' us all they could. For five days things went as easy as a greased bullet; but the sixth day two of my companions was took sick. We had got this side o' the mountains, an' was camped on the North Fork of the Canadian. Ike Gilbert an' Jim Morris wur the sick ones. We done all we could for 'em; but 'twan't o' no use. They died in jest four-an'-twenty hours arter they was fust took; an' we dug a grave, an' put 'em into it, and then stuck up a cross where we'd buried 'em. We felt kind o' sad when we turned away from that yer spot; but sich things will happen, an' we tried to make the best of it.

"In just three days from that two more was took—Mike Gardiner and Simon Archer—two as noble fellows as ever follered a trail. They was took jes' as the others had been, an' died in twelve hours. They died in the most awful agony, and there was nothin' in the world I could do to help 'em. We was close upon the Arkansaw then, and we buried them as we had buried the others, an' made another cross to mark the grave. You may believe I felt kind o' dubersome. Four of my best friends gone—an' gone in sich an awful way too. But this wasn't the end. Two days arter that Fred Beaty wur took in the same way. What could it be? The Mexicans said it must be some kind o' cholera; and I wur more'n half o' their opinion. Fred died, and we buried him; and another cross wur made for his grave. We laid him to rest where the waters of the Arkansaw could murmur its music for his spirit arter we was gone!

"Whose turn should it be next? The Mexicans said it might be theirs; an' they give me messages to carry to New Orleans, in case I should outlive them. But it wa'n't to be so. Marcus Potts fell sick on the fourth day arter Fred had gone. Marcus wur the last o' my companions, an' I clung to him like as I would a' clung to my own life. I held him in my arms—I bathed his burnin' face; an' I did everything I could think of; but 'twernt o' no use.

"He died on my bosom, and I wur alone with the Mexicans. He died jest as the rest had died—in the most awful agony,—and afore he breathed his last, he wur in sich sufferin' that he wanted me to kill him. He died jest as the sun wur settin'; and arter I know'd 'at he wur gone, I went away all by myself, an' set down by a tree an' cried. In the mornin' the Mexicans helped me to bury him; an' then we made another cross to mark his grave.

"For two or three days arter that I kind o' fancied every once in a while 'at I wur sick; but I shook myself with all my might, an' held up. But I wur awful lonesome. All my companions wur gone, save the two outlandishers, an' I left alone to be guide an' trapper. A week passed away, an' we hoped 'at the fatal malady wouldn't touch us that was left.—By and by we reached this very spot whar you an' I are now camped; an' when we come to it we found signs of a camp. They was fresh signs, too—not many hours old. We had jest got our supper cooked when a party o' Cherokees come along, an' from them we learned that a large party of white men wur not many miles from us. I asked the redskins which way the whites was goin', an' they said they was bound for the States. They had been out on a prospectin' tramp, an' was now on their return. They couldn't be camped more'n fifteen miles away. 'Our hosses is good,' said I to the Mexicans, 'an' we'll overtake them yer folks afore another sun sets.' I thought my two companions kind of acted as though they didn't care about j'inin' the other party; but they didn't say any sich thing to me. I told 'em we'd be up early in the mornin', an' take a fair start; an' in a little while arter that I crawled into my blanket, an' laid down to go to sleep.

"I wur tired enough, but somehow I weren't very sleepy. I s'pose the news of the white party ahead on us kind o' kept me thinkin'. Any way, I laid thar for half an hour, an' the more I tried to go to sleep the more I couldn't. I got to thinkin' o' them as had died in the wilderness, and by 'm by I had concluded to git up an' take a walk in the air. The moon wur nigh to its full, an' shinin' as bright as day, an' I thought I might walk off my onplesant fancies. I wur just a goin' to start up, when I heard the two Mexicans talkin'. They'd laid down, and they probably reckoned 'at I wur asleep. They was talkin' in Spanish; but I understood 'em just as well as though they'd been a goin' it in my own tongue. I listened to 'em a little while, an' it seemed like as though a thunderbolt had bursted directly out o' the bright moonlight. I laid thar an' heerd them yer black-hearted villains till it 'peared to me as though I should fly. But I held myself, and listened till they got through.

"An' now, what d'ye s'pose they'd been talkin' about? What d'ye s'pose they'd been a doin'? What d'ye s'pose they was plannin' to do? Let me tell ye; for they told it all over then. In the fust place, they knowed, afore we started from Santa Fe, that I had heaps o' money, or what was jest the same as money, about my person; an' they had come with me for the sole pupose of robbin' me. Their first aim was, to murder my companions, an' have them out o' the way; an' this they had done with p'izen. Yes—my friends had all been p'izened! Heavens an' earth, jest think of it! Them noble, true, brave, lovin' companions had all been p'izened by these two miser'ble scamps! They hadn't killed me yet, because they didn't know the trail through that yer trackless wilderness, an' they needed me for a guide. They meant to let me live till they got to whar they was sure of findin' their way alone, an' then I was to be took down, too. But now they was preparin' for a new order. The news of the party ahead on us had kind o' fetched 'em up sudden like, an' they was goin' to git me out o' the way afore we could reach the other camp. I was to be killed that night, and robbed of all I had about me; an' then, when they had disposed of my body, they would j'ine the advance party, or foller in their rear, jest as they might conclude.

"This was what I heerd them precious monsters talk over; and p'raps you can imagine how I felt. Ef ye can't, then I can't tell ye. Only I ken tell ye this much: Ef thar'd been a hundred on 'em, I think I could a' met the whole lot. I felt like a full grown grizzly with half a dozen painters and wild-cats throw'd in. They seed me move, an' they stopped talkin' an' laid down. Presently I got up, an' spoke to 'em. I told 'em I guessed they'd better come out o' the tent, for I reckoned thar was enemies not far off. They asked me ef I meant the Injuns. I told 'em to come out and see. They follered me out, an' when we reached the open ground whar the moon wur shinin' full, I stopped and turned towards 'em. Ef thar'd been six of 'em, so 'at I could have revenged all my dead companions, I should have liked it; but it weren't to be so, an' I had to put up with what thar was.—One of 'em I shot through the head afore he mistrusted 'at I meant mischief. The other one jumped back an' pulled out a pistol; but, Lord bless ye, I wur onto him afore he could wink. I throw'd him down like as though he'd been a baby; an' while I choked him, I told him what I wur a doin' it for. He tried to speak, but I wouldn't let him. I told him all I had to tell, and then I put an end to his miser'ble life. I killed him jest the same as I would have killed a dog. What money they had about 'em I let be—I wouldn't touch it,—'twould have burnt my hands. I took their bodies up an' cast 'em into the river; an' then I breathed easier. I felt better'n I'd felt afore since my friends had died. In the mornin' I set out bright an' early, and came up with the prospectin' party jest as they was gettin' ready for dinner. Some of 'em knowed me, an' when they wondered why I wur alone, I told 'em my story. They was deeply interested, as you may imagine, and was only sorry for one thing: They would liked to 'ave seed them two Mexicans alive jest long enough to have helped hang 'em.

"I kept with the party till we reached St. Louis, an' had no more adventures worth tellin'."

Thus ended Paul's story; and while we thanked him for the narrative, and discussed some of its points, he refilled his pipe, and smoked in thoughtful silence.

A few hours later, and my companions were buried in slumber, while I kept watch without. I stood by the margin of the river, leaning upon my rifle, deeply engaged in thoughts of the tragedy which Paul Redwing had enacted upon that spot, when a sound, something like a footfall, started me from my reverie. In a moment more a sharp twang broke upon the air, and something struck the butt of my rifle with such force as to almost knock the piece from my grasp. It did not rebound, but seemed to cling for an instant where it had struck, and then fell to the ground. I stooped and picked it up. It was an arrow, long and straight, with a feathered shaft, and a head of barbed and tempered steel!

As I held the strange missile in my hand, I heard another footfall, light and quick; I turned, and beheld Manuel Marti!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MY UNCLE DOLKINS.

My memory reaches no further back than that day on which a funeral train left our poor home—that day when, crouching upon our sick mother's bed, huddled close to her side and to each other, Paul and I watched, with great, wide-open, wondering eyes that white face bathed in its rain of tears, those wan hands clasped in utter woe; and shrieked in terror and anger when stranger forms gathered round the long, still, white form that had been our father, and bore him from our sight forever.

Death was new to us, then, and funeral scenes; but we learned to know them more intimately soon, poor little ones that we were! In another month we were orphans indeed. Our pale mother had faded quite away, never more to be seen by us save in dreams. She, too, was borne forth by strangers, in whose unsympathizing care, that was no care, we remained for many days until our uncle Dolkins came to fetch us away.

He came at last, ten days after our mother's funeral. We were summoned by our protectress, the widowed keeper of a fourth-rate city lodging-house, into that dingy, threadbare parlor, I so well remember, to receive him.

I saw only uncle Dolkins's broad back of shining broadcloth as he stood looking out into the obscure street, but I had no stronger inclination to approach him than little Paul, who shrank behind me in utter fear.

We remained motionless, gazing at the large figure outlined against the window. How long we stood thus I do not know, but at length a long, deep, grieving inspiration of little Paul's reached my uncle Dolkins's ear. He turned, at the sound, and confronted us.

A tall, large man, with a broad red face, and overhanging, flabby cheeks, small eyes of uncertain color, cruel mouth, hair very thin, and smooth and sleek. A full suit of lustrous black, a white cravat, and a smooth-shorn chin hanging over it in treble ruddy folds, an enormous hand, cold and clammy, laid, as in benediction, but with crushing weight, on our heads, a voice high pitched and nasal—such was my first impression of uncle Dolkins, an impression of the external only, but which years, and the knowledge of the inner life and being of the man, as time developed them to my comprehension, only confirmed.

My dying mother had commended to my loving care my frail little brother. How well I strove, how lovingly I tried to fulfill this trust, oh mother, from thy home among the blessed, bear me faithful witness! I could bear all the evils of my orphan lot, but not so Paul. Drooping, delicate, sensitive, his life at uncle Dolkins's was one continual pang, one long agony, which I was often powerless to lighten.

There were brief gleams of sunshine in our lot. Once or twice uncle Dolkins was shamed or frightened into temporary kindness. Like all mean, and selfish, and cruel people, he and his had a cowardly deference for public opinion, and bent before it abjectly, doing all their evil deeds with the utmost secresy.

One day a gentleman from a neighboring town—a man of wealth and high repute—called at the house for the purpose of transacting some business. Uncle Dolkins was absent, and the gentleman failed in his purpose, but my aunt, in a sudden access of hospitality, begged that he would lunch with us before setting out on his homeward ride.

A hasty collation was prepared, and my prudent aunt, with the intent thereby to save a more elaborate dinner, summoned us all to the table. Among other articles were fresh eggs, and one of these, *divided* between Paul and myself, with a tiny bit of bread, was all that we were permitted to partake. Paul hungrily eyed the viands, and with appetite but stimulated by the morsel he had eaten, summoned courage at last to ask for more.

His request, timidly as it was proffered, was refused with indignation poorly vailed beneath some apparently playful remarks. I saw that our visitor's attention was aroused, but contrived, when conversation was again resumed, to place my bit of bread upon Paul's plate. There was a slight struggle between hunger and generosity, but the first prevailed, and Paul ate the precious morsel. Emboldened, he then ventured to ask for a new supply of food, for me as well as for himself. This audacity quite transcended my aunt Dolkins's power of forbearance. Turning upon the offender, she rebuked him, in no dulcet or measured tones, not only for this particular crime, but generally for the fearful sin of gluttony.

Suddenly, in the midst of this angry tirade, the knife and fork of our guest fell with a fierce clash upon his plate. With noisy emphasis he thrust back his chair, and rose from the table.

"Madam!" he exclaimed, in stentorian tones, "I bid you good morning! I can no longer sit at the board, nor remain the guest of one who not only starves, but harshly reproves, the helpless orphan beneath her roof. Give these children food sufficient for their wants, or, by Heaven, Madam, the country shall ring with the story of your cruelty!"

He could not be persuaded to remain, and though my aunt's fiercest anger fell upon us then, we enjoyed the consequences of the fear which had been awakened in the sordid breasts of herself and her husband, in a few weeks of comparative comfort, in better food and clothing, and treatment comparatively gentle.

Paul loved books and study. The religious element was very strong in his nature, and even in his childhood his strong desire was to become a preacher of the gospel. As he grew older, this desire became intensified with every year of his life. At length he ventured to mention it to uncle Dolkins. He scouted the idea with scorn. The result was a quarrel between him and me, and the announcement, on the part of uncle Dolkins, that he should send Paul at once to sea, and in a week the pale stripling of sixteen was on his way to the nearest seaport.

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"Paul in the county poor-house, and dying!" That was truly the purport of the poor scrawl I held in my hand, years after our separation, written by his own feeble fingers. I flew to uncle Dolkins and craved permission and the means of going to my brother that night. He might, perchance, have consented, but my aunt was inexorable. She was to give a party on the morrow, and my assistance could not be dispensed with.

Entreaties were vain, and I rushed away to my room. Night was falling, and the way was long, but what cared I, since beyond it lay my dying Paul. I wrapped myself in my scanty cloak, and stole out into the wintry twilight.

I was in time—in time for last words of tenderness—in time for loving glances from the large, deep eyes, that already gained glimpses of the opening heaven—in time to catch the last breath, and lay straight the wasted limbs, and compose the still features.

Uncle Dolkins came to the funeral. His pride sent him there. It was by accident, he said, that his nephew was forced to stop short of the home that had sheltered his youth. He ordered a handsome coffin, a hearse, and mourning weeds for me. But I rejected them all. Paul had died a pauper—died of the cruel fate to which that man had condemned him. No grudging posthumous honors could change the bitter facts. I would owe no more to this man. Henceforth I foreswore all allegiance to him and his.

When the funeral was over, he would have removed me, even by force, to his home; but I was desperate then; I think I was insane with mingled grief and anger. I rushed from the room and house. I tore down the street through a blinding whirl of snow. I saw nothing, heeded nothing. I suppose I stumbled and fell insensible.

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"She is the very girl I once saw, at Judge Dolkins's, whose eyes I saw flash when that old Jezebel, the female Dolkins, refused her brother a morsel of food. She gave him more than half her own scanty dinner, and turned on me such a look of thankfulness when I spoke my mind pretty freely to the simpering hypocrite who was lecturing the starving child on the sin of gluttony—'gluttony,' forsooth, that was not satisfied with the half of an egg, and a morsel of bread!"

"And the brother has just died in the poor-house, after coming home ill from sea——"

"Whither old Dolkins forced him to go, as he would now force this girl to go to his home. But she shall not; she shall stay here, as long as she likes."

"So she shall, poor thing! See how pale she is, and how hard these poor hands are with work!" and a soft hand was laid on my aching brow.

I opened my eyes, and saw a sweet face, with blue eyes filled with tears, bent over me, and heard a voice sweet to me as an angel's, bidding me rest in peace and welcome.

Uncle Dolkins's reign was at an end. I had no more to fear from him. I never returned to his house, but remained in that of my kind protector till my health was quite restored. I would have gone away then, "to seek my fortune," I said, but they would by no means permit it, so I remained as their child. I still claim that title, and by a dearer right, for the worthy son of this good father, and this sweet mother, calls me wife.

Uncle Dolkins died beneath our roof last year. When he was poor and old, when he had lost his fortune, and his friends had all fallen away from him, we gave him shelter and kind tendance. God's love is over all, and what are we that we should repay cruelty by hate, or injustice by revenge?

WOMAN'S silence, though it is less frequent, signifies much more than man's.

THOU COMEST TO ME IN DREAMS SOMETIMES.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Thou comest to me in dreams sometimes,
When the wearing chain of care is broken,
Far sweeter than the rhyme of rhymes,
Or love thy lips have ever spoken,
Thou breathest to me in dreams sometimes.

Thou comest to me in dreams sometimes!
Then unrebuked thy lost hand lingers,
Enshpered within the summer clime,
Which pulses through my folded fingers;
Hands parted meet in dreams sometimes.

In dreams thine eyes can gaze, nor guess
My lonely heart's impassioned crying.
From soundless wells of tenderness,
Below my visible being lying,
Draw I the words of my replying.

I give thee words of sweeter cheer,
Of holier faith, of loftier daring,
With voice unmoistened by the tear,
Which steeps my deep heart's deeper caring;
No faltering tone of love's despairing.

Thou comest to me in dreams sometimes!
My spirit's subtler sight enfolds thee,
All pure as light, all glorified,
All god-like, as it loves to hold thee;
I see thee thus in dreams sometimes.

Ah, far away in younger time,
As we go up the golden ages,
Perfect in thine immortal prime,
Thou'lt come (my prescient soul presages)
In some far, fair, seraphic clime,
As thou comest to me in dreams sometimes.

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ERROR AND EXPIATION.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

I was suffering all the bitterness of a first great grief and disappointment when Eliot Arden came home from India, a grief rendered more poignant, a disappointment more intense, since I did not confide them to any human being, could seek no human sympathy, while my untaught, undisciplined nature raged vainly against the acceptance of its first lessons of sad experience.

I had never been taught to carry my troubles to my Maker, I knew not the comfort of prayer. I was full of untamed pride, and so I smothered my grief, forbade it all outward expression, and was full of feverish gayety in society, and yielded to my wild despair only when alone.

As I said, it was at this time that Eliot Arden came home.

Eliot Arden was the son of my father's dearest friend. He was twenty years older than myself, but when my father, then far advanced even beyond middle life, displayed me, his only child, an infant, to his friend, that friend had proposed the betrothal of his child and my father's. The compact was sealed with mutual pledges, and in a bottle of old wine. Still I am sure that my father never considered it at all binding; I even think all memory of it had passed from his mind in the long interval between the time when his friend went to India, and this present period of Eliot's return.

I remembered, as a child, having seen Eliot Arden, a tall, fair young man, who used sometimes to visit us, who brought me presents of dolls and bon-bons, let me sip from his wine-glass after dinner, and gravely drank my health as his "little wife." But he had almost passed from my mind, as well as from my father's.

I suppose I might have been five years of age when Eliot Arden went away. I was twenty-two when he returned, and singularly youthful, both in mind and in personal appearance. He was twenty years my senior, and grave beyond his years, while an unhealthy climate, and the fatigues of a long voyage, had conspired to give him the air of a man in the decline of life.

And this was the man who proposed to occupy the place in my affections left void by the defection of Clarence Lee, the handsomest and most fascinating man of his time!

I had no recollections of Eliot Arden that tended to reconcile me to the offer he made. As a child I had been his plaything, when he was already arrived at what seemed to me advanced age. Then he had passed from my sight, and so nearly from my memory, that all I had known of him in former years seemed like the unreal visions of sleep.

I refused to entertain his suit, and when told that he claimed me by virtue of that long forgotten compact, I laughed his pretensions to scorn. That was not the manner in which I chose to be wooed—I, who had turned a deaf ear to many a lovelorn suitor. Mr. Arden might be my father's friend, mine, also, if he deserved the boon, but I was not the make-weight of a bargain to be transferred at will to a husband's custody. Such was the haughty message which I sent him.

And yet three months later I stood at the altar, and pronounced the vows that made me his wife!

I pronounced them with unfaltering lips, yet never bride laid colder hand in bridegroom's hand than mine that day! Never bride promised love, honor, obedience, in whose bosom raged a wilder storm of hate and scorn than in mine! Had Eliot Arden known the fiendish thoughts that made my eyes flash, and my heart throb, that lent a brilliant glow to my cheek, and prompted the bitter jests that passed my lips on my wedding-day, he would have turned from me, even then, and left me to my fate! But I had promised my parents to assume the yoke, they forced upon me, unmurmuringly, and my own pride compelled me, as well, to silence. And so were our unhallowed nuptials passed.

But I should tell the causes which had wrought this change in me from scorn to acquiescence.

My parents knew nothing of the love that had been professed for me by Clarence Lee—nothing of that which I really felt for him. He had never spoken openly, never claimed my hand in marriage, never even visited so frequently at our house, or paid me such exclusive attentions in society, as to cause any one to suspect the adoration he constantly sought opportunity to offer me in secret. Nor, when he left town suddenly, with scarce the formality of a brief visit of farewell, had they any conception of the pangs of surprise, disappointment, and wounded affection which his departure caused me.

Unaware, then, of the pre-occupation of my affections, there was no cruelty in their urgency of another's offer. To them, in their old age, Eliot Arden seemed still scarcely past boyhood, and no unsuitable match for me. He was the son of their life-long friend, and, with the remembrance of the forgotten compact, revived their desire to see me the wife of "Arden's boy," as they gravely named this man of more than mature years, on whose head the frosts of life's winter were already falling. But there was with them another motive, far stronger, more potent still.

In his age my father suddenly found himself a poor man. For himself, for his aged partner, this mattered little, since death would soon release them from all worldly cares, but for me—the youthful daughter reared in luxury, and unaccustomed to any interruption of my rose-leaf existence, poverty was to be dreaded as an irreparable evil. Therefore he gladly hailed the proposal of Eliot Arden; but finding that I had no dread of poverty for myself, he withdrew that plea, and, by a subterfuge he deemed excusable by the circumstances, urged my acceptance of Eliot Arden's proposal on the ground of his own and my mother's necessities.

What loving daughter could resist the pleadings of gray-haired parents, who requested, in the name of the peace of their declining years, any possible sacrifice? I had refused Eliot Arden from no principle. I had the coventional ideas of marriage, and looked upon its vows, unhallowed by the heart's sanction, as no perjury. I should have consented, I think, for my parents' sake and in my dumb despair, had not the sudden re-appearance of Clarence Lee in town, and his public and devoted attentions to a new beauty, a rich heiress, driven me nearly mad. One glance of triumph from his eye, as I met him one day upon the thronged promenade, in attendance upon his new flame, enabled me to come to a quick decision. The next day our circle rung with the announcement of my engagement to the newly arrived "nabob."

And then, as soon as the magnificent preparations could be concluded, I went to the altar with false heart and false vows. The sacrifice was consummated. More than their wonted splendor surrounded my parents. If I was a victim, I was indeed a splendid one.

Among the first who came to congratulate me, on my return from my bridal tour, was Clarence Lee. There was a mocking smile on his lips as he bowed before me, but my eye never quailed before his glance. I conversed fluently and with rare spirit. Never had I been more brilliant and fascinating. I was no longer the childish creature to whom the blasé man of the world had just previously paid his well-skilled court, I was the woman of the world, self-poised, unembarrassed, with all the aplomb that society teaches.

When my husband entered, I, myself, introduced our guest to him, and I took occasion to address to him some kindly words, to bestow upon him some flattering attentions, which surprised him, probably, no less than they did the person for whose benefit they were intended. I had accomplished my purpose. Clarance Lee was deceived. I heard afterwards that he spoke of us sneeringly, as a "model pair," and quoted my expressions of endearment. I feel sure that he was convinced by that one interview, that I loved my husband. So far I had made sure of the intended impression.

But I had made another such as I had little counted upon. If Clarence Lee had professed love before, to draw a simple girl within his toils, he now *felt* the passion that he had once simulated. From that hour he pursued me, and I soon found that he would count all risks as nothing if he might thus but win my favor.

Well for me was it, in this hour of new trial, that I was no longer the weak girl he had known. I had learned to respect my husband, if I did not love him. I had found ere this that he had been no party to the urgency which had induced me to consent to our marriage. He had pleaded first his father's compact—binding to him only as an expression of that father's wishes, but second, and stronger far, his love, his desire to lavish upon me all the wealth of heart and purse that was his. I could scarcely understand the pleasure with which I learned that he had been ignorant of the motives which led to my consent.

He knew that I did not love him, but he was content to give me time; he wished to win me, and hard indeed would have been the heart that could have resisted his kindness.

I had not been a month married before I began to appreciate the true nobleness of his character, so that long before love dawned the truest foundation of domestic happiness was laid.

Still I was unable to resist the glow of triumph caused by the change in Clarence Lee. I knew too well what was due to myself and my position, and though without fixed principles, I had too strong an abhorrence of vice to yield him any encouragement. But I did not discourage him by rebuke, I did not refuse him my society, I did not drive him, as I should have done, with ignominy from my presence, even when he dared, in ambiguous phrase, to utter the base hopes that had birth in his heart.

I was ignorant that my husband watched my course with keen anxiety. But such was the fact, and he saw with pain the coquettish arts by which I lured on my lover, and perilled my purity and his own peace and honor. He watched in silence, and I knew not that a friend so true and strong was near. In truth, I never guessed my peril, for I was strong both in pride and innocence, and never dreamed that any evil thing could triumph over me.

I thought my foe, for as such I now regarded Clarence Lee, as weak as I was strong. I only meant to teach him a well-deserved lesson, to enjoy a triumph as complete and delightful as that which had been his, when he left me after winning the confession of my maiden love. I forgot that a woman, a wife, can by no means inflict such a punishment with impunity, and the scorn she desires to cast upon her false lover too surely will react upon herself.

But my husband saved me from this, and at a sacrifice fearful to himself.

As I said, he watched me closely, though I knew it not, and once he rose from a bed of illness to attend me at a rural fête, where he well knew that Clarence Lee would be sure to meet me. Well was it for me that my protector was near, for Clarence, maddened by his passion, had laid plans that I could never have foiled. He meant to urge me to fly with him, and failing this, to carry me off by force. The fact of an elopement, he well knew, however brought about, would place me completely in his power.

He followed my party to a retired portion of the grounds, near which his carriage was waiting by his orders. He contrived to detain me by his side, and the moment we were alone, poured the tale of his passion into my ear. Indignantly I spurned him, and strove to fly. For the first time I saw that the shades of night were falling, and that no one was near. To my alarm he caught my hand, and was fast drawing me away. I cried aloud, struggling vainly at the same time, and at that moment my husband and his two servants stood before me.

They had heard all—my innocence of any participation in the plot of Lee was proved. I had only to bear the shame of having ever encouraged his presence by the polite fictions of society.

But fierce was the altercation to which I listened, angry the words, and mingled with shots and groans. I fainted, and was born away by my servants. A crowd hurried to the spot. Eliot lay wounded upon the sward, but Clarence Lee had fled. Swift horses had borne him beyond pursuit, and he returned no more to the scene of his disgrace.

Eliot recovered, after long and terrible suffering, but he was lame for life. I nursed him through all, and I know not when I learned to love him, or how. I know that gratitude mingled largely with my heart's devotion. I know that I honored as truly as I loved him. I know that at last I was prepared to fulfil my vows made at the altar, and so rebelled against there, but now gladly borne.

Penitent for my fault, shudderingly glad that it had resulted no more disastrously, unceasingly regretful for my husband's sufferings, it was long before I could dare accept my great happiness. But the errors and sorrows of my youth are all forgotten now, and my husband's perfect love and trust have banished them forever.

Perhaps I am a better as well as a happier woman, that I have erred and suffered; have loved, have been loved and forgiven.

* * *

THE FATAL SCHEME.*

A LEGEND OF CHARLESTON.

BY WM. HENRY PECK.

It was near the hour of sunset, in the city of Charleston, in the year 1784, when two gentlemen halted as they met before the gate of the mansion of John Osbort, a man of greater wealth than clear fame.

One of these gentlemen was fully sixty years of age; of spare and wiry make, tall, erect and with thin, sinister-looking features, from which peered a pair of keen, cold and steel-gray eyes. His style of dress and beard betokened a citizen of the Spanish Indies, and there was an air of great haughtiness as well as of cunning in his bearing by no means prepossessing.

The other was a young man, not more than twenty-three years of age, of lofty stature and powerful mould; with a bronzed but handsome face replete with manly beauty. He was clad in the uniform of a Continental captain, which, though faded and war-worn, added greatly to his martial appearance.

As these persons halted simultaneously, and not two paces apart, each fixed a look of surprise upon the other; for, as they halted, their hands were extended as if to open the gate.

"You were about to enter," said the officer, with a bow of respect, but not removing his stare from the other's face.

"So were you, sir," remarked the Spaniard, in pure English accent, and returning both bow and stare with insulting haughtiness; "but upon this occasion I must take precedence of Captain Westbrook."

"It seems that you know my name," said the officer, "and I think I know your's. You may enter before or after me, as you please."

"I have an appointment with Mr. Osbort," continued the other, stiffly, "and shall probably engage his attention for some time. You had better call again."

"My business is not with Mr. Osbort," replied Captain Westbrook, placing his hand upon the gate.

"Stay," said the Spaniard, also grasping the bars. "No one occupies this mansion but Mr. Osbort, his daughter and servants."

"What is that to me?"

"You are doubtless a gentleman, and can have no business with servants; I have told you that I claim the attention of Mr. Osbort, and surely you can have nothing to say to his daughter."

"If I have anything to say to Miss Clara Osbort, I deny your right to question me. So pass in to the father; my business is with the daughter, Señor Sebastian."

Captain Westbrook threw open the gate as he spoke, and bowed with mock politeness.

"Since you know me, sir," said the Spaniard, with a bitter smile, "you must also be aware that Clara Osbort is my affianced wife."

"You are not her husbaad yet, Señor Sebastian. I was her betrothed two years ago when we parted, and her letters during our separation assure me that she still loves me. Her last letter so faithfully described you that I knew you at sight. I wish to see the lady—shall see her. Do you think you can prevent me?"

As Captain Westbrook spoke he tossed his hand contemptuously, and entering the gateway, strode on calmly towards the mansion.

"So," muttered Don Sebastian, as he paused and gazed after the officer, "that is the girl's lover, once accepted as such both by father and daughter; now reluctantly rejected by Osbort, but still loved by Clara."

He was biting his thin lips vindictively, and hesitating whether to go in or away, when he saw a man passing along on the opposite side of the street.

"Burm!" exclaimed Don Sebastian, as this man stood by him in response to a commanding gesture. "You see that officer—there, he looks this way—regard him well."

"I know him already," growled Burm, a stout, ill-favored Hessian. "It is Reginald Westbrook, of the Virginia Continentals. Crush me! he gave me this slash across my face at Brandywine, and cropped this hand at Camden. Know him! Let me have a chance to pay him, that's all."

Don Sebastian's eyes glittered as he noticed the rage of his follower, and he whispered:

"Make the chance, Burm. He has just returned to Charleston after an absence of two years, and is little known here. Make the chance, Burm, and make money."

"How make money, Señor?"

"From my purse, by removing him *effectually*," replied Don Sebastian, with bitter emphasis upon the last word.

"It is agreed, Señor, for a handful of gold. But when?"

"As soon as possible, and your pay shall be prompt. Now leave me, I have business in this house."

Burm hastened away, while Don Sebastian walked towards the mansion with slow and stately pace, and flashing eyes of hate after the officer then demanding admittance at the door.

The door was opened as Don Sebastian was again by the side of the officer, and a dark-featured, gray-haired man accosted him thus:

"I saw you as you entered the gate, Captain Westbrook, and must say that I am astonished at your presence here; but perhaps you did not receive my letter?"

"I received your letter, Mr. Osbort, and must say that I have greater reason to be astonished at your communication," replied Westbrook, loftily. "Not believing it possible that Miss Clara could have consented to such a base traffic of her heart and hand, I have hastened to rescue her from your barbarity."

"*My barbarity!* You dare to address her father thus!" exclaimed Osbort.

"Were you her father I should not presume to do so, Mr. Osbort; but as you are merely her self-constituted guardian, and of no kin to her in fact, I am simply discharging a duty in demanding that she shall at once be placed under the protection which was settled upon two years ago."

While Westbrook was speaking Mr. Osbort's face changed from crimson to pallor and back again so rapidly, that his breath grew heavy and thick. He turned his eyes in dismay upon Don Sebastian, and then glanced uneasily above towards an open window, but his power of speech seemed lost.

"I say," resumed Capt. Westbrook, determinedly, "that you consented to my marriage with Clara Osbort—so termed—two years ago. Then I was rich in houses, land and servants; now the fortune of war has left me owner of the bare and scorched land alone. But I am no less a man and a gentleman now than I was then. Since we met, and especially since you learned of my pecuniary ruin by the torch and sword of the British, you have proved recreant to your solemn promise, and have negotiated a *sale* of Miss Clara Osbort—your supposed daughter, to this Spaniard. I say *sale*, for a marriage under such circumstances cannot be called by a better name."

"Pray tell me what is your knowledge of these circumstances," demanded Don Sebastian, sneeringly.

"As well here and now as elsewhere and hereafter," said Westbrook, facing the Spaniard, and laying his hand upon his sword hilt. "You, sir, having learned that Miss Clara was the daughter of Henry Montgrand, formerly of Baltimore, and heiress of all the estates now enjoyed by John Osbort, her pretended father, have threatened to expose the vile system of fraud and forgery by which he has so long succeeded in palming himself upon the world as her father, unless he gives her to you as your wife with two-thirds of the estates. Report says you are already rich in Cuba, but ever greedy for more. How I learned all this does not need to be told here—you and he know it to be true."

"How long have you known it, Reginald Westbrook, and to whom have you imparted the knowledge?" asked Mr. Osbort, after a significant glance exchanged with Don Sebastian.

"I have known it scarcely two weeks," replied Westbrook, unguardedly. "I learned it from Allen, formerly in your employ, Mr. Osbort, who bore me a letter from Clara."

"The traitor," cried Mr. Osbort, fiercely. "Then it was to betray all to you that the rascal deserted me—Clara bribed him, no doubt. Could I now lay hands on the villain, I would give a year of my life."

"He was a villain in serving you so long, John Osbort," said Westbrook, sternly; "but his last act of life was for reparation."

"Oh, ho! Then he is dead!" exclaimed Don Sebastian.

"He was slain by the accidental discharge of a gun, while conversing with me upon this subject."

"Well, having this knowledge, where are your proofs."

"Upon my person," replied Westbrook.

"What do you intend to do? Have you any proposal to make? Or do you intend to expose the affair?" asked Mr. Osbort.

"Perhaps justice demands it," responded Westbrook; "yet to spare you such terrible disgrace, and because until of late you have been as a kind father to Clara, I will destroy these proofs after you shall have secured Clara in her rights. She is too generous not to make ample provision for your wants and residence in some foreign land."

"Give me until to-morrow to consider the matter," said Mr. Osbort.

"As Miss Clara is ignorant of all this," replied Westbrook, firmly, "I must first make the truth known to her. Then I will grant the delay."

"I have heard all from your lips, dear Reginald," said a sweet and clear voice from the window above; and as the officer looked up he saw the fair and lovely face of Clara smiling upon him. "You are in good time, for Mr. Osbort had sworn to wed me to Don Sebastian to-morrow night."

"He dares not do it now, dear Clara," replied Westbrook. "I have but just arrived in Charleston, and now that I have seen you, I will attend to some pressing public affairs, and then return. By ten to-night I will call for you, as I do not think it fit you should remain another night in this man's power."

"Call at ten and Miss Clara shall go with you," said Osbort, quailing beneath the stern gaze of the young officer.

"Do not fear; I will come, Mr. Osbort," replied Westbrook; and then kissing his hand to the beautiful face above, and not deigning to glance upon Don Sebastian he departed.

It was near the hour of ten that night when Don Sebastian and John Osbort sat conversing in a small room of the mansion; but were unusually pale, and apparently much agitated, when Burm, the Hessian, suddenly entered, pale and bloody.

"I have made the chance," said he, striking the table with his gory hand. "Captain Reginald Westbrook will never shake his sabre again!"

"He is dead!" exclaimed Don Sebastian.

"He fought hard for this package," replied Burm, tossing a packet of papers upon the table; "but there were three of us upon him. He and my pair of comrades are as dead as dried fish!"

A shrill shriek pealed through the house, for Clara had overheard Burm's report, and hearing, swooned.

"Look to her, Osbort," said Don Sebastian; and then to Burm: "What is that you are figering?"

"A miniature locket I tore from Westbrook's neck, hoping it held jewels," said Burm, giving the picture to Don Sebastian, whose hair seemed to stand on end as he gazed upon it.

"Do you know who this is intended to represent?" he demanded of Mr. Osbort, as that person returned from having placed Clara in charge of one of his hirelings.

"This," replied Mr. Osbort, gazing upon it, "is the picture of Reginald Westbrook's grandmother in her youth."

"His grandmother!" gasped Don Sebastian.

"So he always said," replied Osbort. "It seems that his grandfather deserted his wife a year after marriage, leaving her with an infant daughter. This daughter grew to womanhood, married, and became the mother of Reginald Westbrook. Both mother and grandmother are now dead."

"The name—the name of his grandfather!" said Don Sebastian.

"Let me think—yes—Roger Hamlerson," replied Mr. Osbort.

"I am that grandfather! I am Roger Hamlerson!" exclaimed Don Sebastian, springing to his feet aghast.

But there was no time for more explanation, for there was a sudden rush of many feet, and then the room was filled with armed men, led by Reginald Westbrook—pale, blood-stained, but vigorous. A single sweep of his sabre swept Burm's head from his shoulders, and the blade was flashing aloft to descend upon Don Sebastian's head, when his arm was checked by the ghastly horror which seemed frozen upon that man's face.

Don Sebastian, who had sunk into a seat, was already dead—slain by the terrible thought that he had conspired to assassinate the son of his daughter.

John Osbort, despoiled of his ill-gotten hoards, and convicted of his crimes, cheated the law by suicide in prison; while Reginald Westbrook, having recovered from his wounds after being supposed dead by the assassin Burm, became the husband of Clara Montgrand, long called Clara Osbort of Charleston.

* * *

A Gentleman was recently roused up in the night and told that his wife was dead. He turned round, drew the coverlet closer, pulled down his night-cap, and muttered, as he went to sleep again, "Oh, how grieved I shall be in the morning!"

* * *

Old Age.—Old age has been obtained in all climates, and under all circumstances. Man flourishes alike in the hot, the temperate, and the cold, and under every form of diet; and where medical knowledge is least, he often thrives most.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

We should pardon much to men of genius. A delicate organization renders them keenly susceptible to pain and pleasure. And then they idealize everything; and, in the moonlight of fancy, even the deformity of vice seems beautiful.

How majestically the world's great minds walk in history; some like the sun, with all his travelling glories round him, others wrapped in gloom yet glorious as a night with stars.

A great man is most admired after his death. As the old Egyptians spent more wealth upon their tombs than upon their houses, so we render greater honor to a man's ghost than to himself.

They say that woman caused man to commit his first sin. But, if she hadn't induced him to sin in eating, no doubt he would very soon have sinned of his own accord in drinking.

Those who have recourse to gaming because they are at a loss what to do with themselves, will find that the sources of their ennui are more inexhaustible than those of their purse.

Men individually respectable may make a mischievous assemblage. Single planets bear the names of the gods, but clusters of stars take such names as Crab, and Goat, and Bull.

There is as much night as day. It is fitting that the earth should be half the time in mourning for the crimes it beholds.

Men seem anxious to undo the work of God. He made them of nothing, and they appear to be striving to make nothing of themselves.

If you want to live long, live upon the seashore. No matter how fast your sands run, you will always find a plenty more.

To a lover, his sweetheart's right hand and cheek and eye and ear are equalled by nothing on earth but her left.

Those who are ever fixing their eyes upward in mock devotion should remember that people do not get to heaven by *stairs*.

A statesman may sometimes make use of certain vices to exterminate others, as a toad destroys spiders.

We may say of a good many people's souls that it is a wonder Nature ever thought them worth *framing*.

Thousands will cry over compressed feet in China, who are wholly unaffected by souls compressed in America.

We expect old men to be conservative; but a conservative young man has wound up his life before it was unreeled.

Those who are great men in a little circle, and little men in a great one, show their learning to the ignorant, and their ignorance to the learned.

No company at all is preferable to bad. We are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues. Disease is more contagious than health.

Hypochondriacs, who give their whole time and thoughts to their health, sacrifice to life every noble purpose of living.

A covetous man renders a service to his poor neighbors by illustrating to them the uselessness of riches.

Write your own epitaph in youth; make it as flattering as possible—and then devote the rest of your life to efforts to deserve it.

There are no such things as new truths. One might as well call gold, just dug, new gold.

Men's graces must get the better of their faults as a farmer's crops do of the weeds—by growth.

The earth not only repays forty-fold to the cultivator, but improves her improver.

A beauty is apt to find no fault with her eyes, cheeks, or lips, but she upbraids her hair.

The highest favors beget ingratitude in base minds, as the beams of heaven generate reptiles in slime

The painter's bad god may make a good devil but a rhymer's bad verse does not make good prose.

* * *

CURRENT ITEMS.

A couple of gentlemanly appearing men got into a difficulty one day lately, in a Broadway omnibus, which grew out of some trifling and probably unintentional lack of courtesy in passing the change of one of them; but as they both lacked discretion and could not refrain from comment and retort, the affair soon became serious, one struck the other in the face, a fight seemed imminent, and so the rest of the passengers put both of them out of the vehicle, and a policeman happening to be near by, the belligerents walked off quietly in different directions.

A short time since a gentleman and his wife were walking down Beekman street, on their way to the Fulton ferry, about ten o'clock in the evening, when a respectable looking man came up to them at the corner of Gold street, and grabbing the gentleman's fob chain attempted to snatch his watch from his pocket; but the lady quickly stuck the point of her parasol in the rogue's eye with such force as to send him howling into the arms of a policeman, who came round the corner of Gold street just in time to take the sore-eyed rascal in charge.

An oytserman who works in Fulton market becoming incensed at a boy driving a butcher's cart, who called him all manner of vile names, dragged the saucy urchin from his seat, and taking an oyster shell, began to "scrape down" his face with a severity which soon raised a howl from the boy and a crowd from the street, whereupon the latter took the oysterman and scraped him down with his own shells—the whole affair being, as he afterwards confessed, rather a bad scrape.

A couple of ill-tempered fellows who had got at loggerheads about the question of paying for a supply of whiskey, a few days since, at last agreed to settle the affair by a resort to cheese knives; so, each obtaining a weapon, they went into the back yard of the groggery and began to cut and slash each other vigorously. One of them was soon disabled and taken to the hospital, and the other was arrested and taken to the Tombs.

An old man, living in Caroline street, set fire to his house one night recently, and then rushed forth without his hat or coat, and with but one shoe. The flames were soon extinguished, and then search was made for the incendiary, who was supposed to be insane, but no trace could be got of him, until the next morning, when his lifeless body was found floating in the dock at the foot of Chambers street.

An up-town grocer and his chief clerk, who have hitherto sustained good characters, were taken into custody the other day on a charge preferred by several of their customers of their passing counterfeit coin. It seems that the misguided men had got possession of a large quantity of bogus silver coin, which they dealt out in change to their customers, until many of the latter suspected them, and hence their arrest.

A number of boys got into an empty dwelling house in Williamsburgh one evening lately, and thinking to have a "jolly time," they lighted a fire in one of the fire-places, with some pine wood that they had found in the cellar, and the result was a conflagration, in which the building was consumed.

A drunken man about forty years of age, was put out of an Eighth avenue car one afternoon recently, on account of his drunkenness and offensiveness, and a short time after, in attempting to get on to the front platform of another, while it was in motion, he fell before the wheels, was run over and killed.

A couple of men got into a fight in Thomas street one day lately, when one threw a bucket of ashes in the other's face, whereupon the latter struck out at ramdom with his knife, and happening to hit his adversary on the cheek inflicted a ghastly wound; both were arrested and locked up.

The body of an infant, that had evidently been strangled, was recently found in a sink in the rear of a house occupied by a respectable family, in Jersey City. A coroner's jury made a searching investigation of the melancholy affair, but no clue to the parentage of the child or the perpetrators of the crime could be gained.

A couple of boys, living in Williamsburgh, got into a quarrel about some trifle a short time since, and finally came to blows and a rough-and-tumble fight, during which one of them had his arm broken and was otherwise badly injured.

A little girl, three years old, whose parents reside in Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn, was choked to death one morning recently by a fishbone that got stuck in her throat, as she was eating some sea bass.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE PHRASEOLOGY OF THE DAY.

It would be interesting to know how much the long words and roundabout phrases that have come into common use in our language within the last forty years, have cost the Anglo-Saxon race in breath, and time, and types, and stationery. The difference between the space occupied by these long-winded intruders, and that taken up by the brief, pithy expressions they have supplanted, must be enormous. Millions of reams of paper would not represent it. And then think of the extra hours consumed in reading and arriving at the meaning of this pretentious and too often inexact phraseology. Computing the value of the time thus wasted at the lowest rate of laborers' wages, the sum total in dollars and cents would be something incredible.

Those of us who are elderly, not to say old, can remember the time when a man, dispossessed of his reason by strong drink, was called drunk. But the penny-a-liners of the present day are much more tender with a sot. He is "excited by liquor," or "under the influence of liquor," or "partially intoxicated," or in "an inebriated condition." Though he should be found endeavoring to light his cigar at a pump they would hesitate to say he was drunk. Formerly when the breath was out of a man's body he was pronounced dead. Now the reporters of fatal accidents inform us that the "unfortunate victim had ceased to breathe," that "life was extinct," or that the corpse when found "exhibited no signs of vitality." To be sure the "roughs" cut the matter somewhat shorter by saying that So-and-so has "stept out," or "gone under;" but even slang is more verbose than it used to be. Sometimes we are informed that Mr. Such-a-one "has deceased," which is not English. In days gone by tired people went to sleep; but now "exhausted nature finds refuge in repose," or "nature at last succumbs," or "slumber overpowers" us.

Modern euphony is particularly civil to *crime*. It wastes words and syllables innumerable in putting a plausible face upon roguery in high places. Men who take advantage of the trust reposed in them, to clean out the coffers of public institutions, merely "default," or "show a deficet," or "fail to make returns;" they never *rob* or *steal*. So of falsehood; individuals who would swear black was white are said to be "wanting in veracity," to "exhibit a melancholy disregard for truth," to "make statements at variance with existing facts," and so on. *Briefly* speaking they are guilty of *lying*, but the nearest approach to that bold Saxon word, sanctioned by polite usage, is "mendacity," a mild interloper derived from the Latin. The vocabulary of modern politics abounds in long and meaningless phrases. Our demagogues would be ruined if they stated their plans and prospects in plain terms. Mystification is their shield and buckler. The speculative philosophers who desire to "reconstruct society," have also made terible inroads upon the simplicity of our mother tongue. The socialists, the transcendentalists, and the apron-string champions of "women's rights," rarely speak or write intelligible English. They have inflated the vernacular most abominably.

Oh! for some process for evaporating modern gas from the misused language of our fathers. Oh! for the sledge-hammer, Anglo-Saxon talk of William Cobbett, the clear, common-sense diction of Benjamin Franklin, the graceful simplicity of Addison. Even those of us who *wish* to write tersely and perspicuously fall into the vicious habit of the day, and often use a dozen words where one or two, well chosen, would answer the purpose better. The "well of English undefiled" has run dry, and we drink from a muddy stream that sadly needs filtering.

HYDROPHOBIA.

For this most terrible of diseases there is *no cure*, and among (so-called) preventives the immediate excision of the bitten part is the only one that experience has proved to be effective. As the number of cases of hydrophobia in this country is said to be larger, in proportion to the population, than in any part of Europe except Prussia, it is well that the public mind should be disabused of certain prevalent errors in relation to the malady. It is almost universally supposed that a horror of water is one of the inevitable characteristics of *rabies in the dog*. This is a mistake. We learn from high medical authority that so far from a fear of water being an invariable symptom of canine madness, it is not present in more than two cases out of a hundred. The truth is that a consuming thirst torments the animal in the early stages of the distemper; and therefore the general belief that if a suspected cur laps water he is harmless, is unfounded and dangerous. But although the rapid dog does not go into convulsions at the sight of the fluid, and consequently his madness cannot properly be called *hydrophobia* or "dread of water," the term is correctly applied to the disease in the human subject, who is usually attacked with horrible spasms on any liquid being presented to him.

Another common though stupid idea is, that if a sane dog should bite a man, and subsequently become mad, the man would go mad likewise. Healthy dogs are often shot for the purpose of preventing this impossible contingency. The *rational* way to treat a dog under suspicion of *rabies*, is to keep him securely confined until the disease is unmistakably developed, or it is apparent that he does not labor under it. To kill the ferocious brute that has inflicted injury in pursuance of his savage instincts, as a *mad* dog, is causelessly to subject the person bitten by him to pangs of doubt and fear only inferior to the physical torture which characterizes hydrophobia. Men have died under such circumstances of sheer terror.

The wholesale and expensive slaughter of the canine race which takes place annually "by authority," during the dog-days, in this city, is a useless or, at any rate, a mistimed precaution, since it so happens that July and August are the months in which fewest cases of *rabies* occur. It is not in the hottest but in the wettest seasons that the disease is most prevalent. Nobody knows how it is originated. Heat has nothing to do with it, for it is unknown in Ceylon and Central Africa, and common in Northern Russia. As it is a good thing to know the true symptoms of the furor, we copy from a late able treatise on the subject the following paragraph:

> One of the earliest signs, and one which should always arouse attention on the part of those in charge of a dog, is a *sullenness combined with a fidgetiness*. When it means rabies, the dog retires to his bed or basket for several hours, and may be seen there curled up, his face buried between his paws and breast. He shows no disposition to bite, and will answer to the call, but he answers slowly and sullenly. After a while he becomes restless, seeking out new resting-places, and never satisfied long with one. He then returns to his bed, but continually shifts his posture. He rises up and lies down again, settles his body in a variety of positions, disposes his bed with his paws, shaking it in his mouth, bringing it to a heap, on which he carefully lays his chest, and then rises up and bundles it all out of his kennel or basket. If at liberty, he will seem to imagine that something is lost, and he will eagerly search round the room with strange violence and indecision. That dog should be watched. If he begins to gaze strangely about him as he lies in bed, and if his countenance is clouded and suspicious, we may be certain that madness is coming on.

The human being who, on being bitten by a dog in such a condition, does not instantly seek a surgeon, is a madman to begin with.

THE WAR AND THE CITY.

It is some consolation, in time of trouble, to think how much worse the trouble might have been. The country, as we say, is torn by intestine war, but, so far, the worst evils of the war have not come near us, the people of the loyal States. Our villages have not been burned nor our farms overrun, nor our cities ruined, nor our coast threatened. We rest secure at night, we rise to resume our ordinary avocations, we travel without passports, and pass our days without the slightest apprehension. No college has been suspended, and no school closed. Not a man has been compelled to serve in the army against his will, nor a dollar forced from an unwilling hand. We are in the condition of England, a country that is almost always at war, but never hears a hostile gun.

The war has made important changes in this city, but, with the exception of a few tents and barracks, they are not such as meet the stranger's eye, nor are they such as excite the slightest alarm for the supremacy of New York over the business of the continent. Real estate does not sell freely, but it has not seriously diminished in value. Here and there, owing to peculiar circumstances, a good bargain has been picked up, but the great bulk of real property is held at not more than ten per cent. less than it was a year ago. Wages have been generally reduced about ten per cent., and the salaries of clerks one-third; but, at the same time, very few mechanics or clerks are standing idle, and the bustle in the wholesale regions of down town shows that business is very far from being dead.

Broadway wears its usual September look. The ladies have returned to us in better health and plainer costume. The stores make their customary display. The new buildings are going on to completion. The places of amusement seem as attractive as ever. Some new enterprizes are begun, and the solid old houses have weathered the storm. The children have all gone to school again; the churches are re-opened; the libraries and reading-rooms are flourishing, and most things have the old familiar look. Let us, therefore, be thankful that, if the war is necessarily attracting so much attention, we are still, under all the adverse circumstances connected with it, comparatively prosperous and happy.

SOAP AND WATER.

The pretty bubbles blown by children from tobacco-pipes dipped in suds, are the fitting types and symbols of the purity and beauty which result from a proper and liberal use of soap and water. Shakspeare tells us of the "shining morning face" of the schoolboy—soap-varnished, of course; and the wisdom of Bunsby seems foolishness beside the sagacity of Mr. Dick, when that perplexed memorialist in answer to Miss Betsy Trotwood's inquiry as to what she shall do with dirty David Copperfield, tersely replies, "Wash him." Alas! there are many families in which Mr. Dick's eminently practical remark is not a household word. It has been said of little children, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven;" but who can associate the idea of a realm of glory, into which nothing "unclean" is permitted to enter, with the soap-and-waterless child of a sloven mother. The divine injunction is, "Be ye clean," and good yellow soap may be had for six cents a pound. Some of the most emphatic words used in the Bible to express conversion belong, it may be said, to the neat housewife's vocabulary. The Levitical Law and the Gospel Dispensation alike enjoin purity of person. Those miserable hypocrites, the Pharisees, were accustomed indeed to perform their penances with soiled visages and unkempt hair, but there was no warrant for the proceeding in the Hebrew ritual, and the dirty custom was pointedly rebuked.

We have had lectures innumerable on the virtues of water as a beverage, and doubtless they have done much good; but its value as a *wash*, combined with *soap*, has never, to our knowledge, been the theme of any popular orator. And yet the subject, in able hands, might be made interesting, amusing, and, above all, instructive. Meeting, as one does every day, scores of human beings dirty enough to be cultivated as kitchen gardens, it is impossible not to feel that the "aqueous fluid" has an important external as well as internal "mission," and that the former of these missions is but imperfectly fulfilled.

"PUT IT THROUGH."

The President of the United States does not appear to be tightly bound with red tape. One of the best things we have lately read is his letter to the Secretary of War with regard to the appointment of a Kansas brigadier. "Send him off," wrote the President, "with such authority as you think will get him into actual work quickest. Tell him when he starts *to put it through*; not to be writing or telegraphing back here; but *put it through*." That's the way to talk at a time like this. Get the right man, set him at work at once, and don't trammel him with instructions. Just tell him *to put it through*. Pass along the word. Put it through!

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THE violet grows low, and covers itself with its own leaves, and yet of all flowers yields the most delicious and fragrant smell. Such is humility.

THE BATTLE OF EYLAU.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

From the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, Frederic William, the king of Prussia, fled more than five hundred miles to the banks of the Vistula, in Prussian Poland, where he found refuge in the army of the emperor Alexander. The Russians, amazed by the disaster which had so suddenly overwhelmed their ally, opened their arms to receive the fugitives. Alexander, alarmed, called all his resources into requisition; and from every part of his vast empire troops were on the march to swell the ranks of his army.

Napoleon was a thousand miles from his capital, and the snows of winter already began to whiten those northern hills. If a blow were not immediately struck, the foe might accumulate in such masses, as to fall upon the French in the spring with overwhelming numbers. In an address to the troops, which electrified all hearts, the army was inspired with enthusiasm to disregard all fatigue and peril, and again to advance to meet the foe. Through rain, and snow, and miry roads, the wheels of the ponderous artillery often sinking axle deep, the eager army followed their chieftain.

It required a march of four hundred miles to pass from Berlin to Warsaw. Upon the right banks of the Vistula, Alexander had a force of one hundred and twenty thousand men, whom he was strongly entrenching. It was now the stormy month of December. Through a dreary country of forests, morasses, and bleak plains, the French army pressed on, day by day, occasionally encountering opposition, which they swept before them as the gale sweeps autumnal leaves, until, early in January, the army entered the black forests which frown along the Vistula. Here the French troops encamped to prepare for the spring campaign. Their entrenchments extended along the left banks of the river for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. All the passes of the stream were so occupied as to render surprise impossible.

Comfortable huts were built from the logs of the forest, arranged in regular and neat streets, and supplied with every comfort. Immense convoys of provisions were incessantly arriving, the soldiers being even supplied with several millions of bottles of wine. The sick and the wounded especially were nursed with the most tender care. Over each hospital a chief overseer was appointed, always supplied with ready money, and ordered to supply the sick with every needed comfort. A chaplain was also appointed over every hospital, to minister to the spiritual wants of the sick and the dying. This chaplain was bound to watch over all under his care, and to report to the emperor the slightest irregularity or negligence towards the sick.

Winter brooded drearily over the bleak northern plains, as the month of January passed slowly away. Europe contemplated with wonder the aspect of a French army, of nearly two hundred thousand men, encamped in the forests of the Vistula, and yet provided with every comfort. Alexander, with hardy troops accustomed to these frigid realms, prepared to attack Napoleon, by surprise, in his winter quarters. But Napoleon was rarely caught napping. Keeping himself constantly informed of every movement of the enemy, he met them in their stealthy march, and overwhelmed them in the entirely unlooked for assault. The whole French line was urged impetuously forward, and a series of battles ensued, amidst the drifts and storms of winter, such as the annals of war had never before recorded. In every forest, mountain gorge, and by the banks of every swollen stream, the retreating Russians planted their batteries.

But the French, with impetuosity which nothing could retard, still pressed on, in an incessant storm of battle. The snow, crimsoned with blood, drifted over the dead. Mutilated forms, frozen to the ice, drifted down the streams to unknown burials. The scene at night was wonderfully sublime. The country was densely wooded. No tents were used. The soldiers hastily constructed from logs and boughs protection from the wind, and with huge camp fires blazing at their feet, slept soundly. These lurid flames gleamed over wide leagues of frozen hill and valley, illumining the landscape with almost a supernatural radiance.

Napoleon had now driven his assailants two hundred and forty miles north from the banks of the Vistula. At length the Russians concentrated their forces, and made a stand, for a decisive battle, on the plains of Eylau. It was the 7th of February, 1807. The pursued and the pursuers were within cannon shot of each other. The night was dark with threatening clouds, and intensely cold, as the Russians took their positions on the brow of a gentle swell of land, extending for three miles, and overlooking and commanding a bleak, unsheltered plain, from which the French would be compelled to make their assault. Upon this ridge Alexander spread out his lines of defence, and planted his batteries of five hundred guns. As the soldiers threw themselves upon the icy ground, for their bivouac, the rising storm commenced its dirge, and sifted down upon them the winding sheet of snow.

Through the drifts and the gloom of this storm Napoleon also led his troops upon the field, and, with characteristic skill, took position for the decisive battle which the morning was to usher in. Two hundred and fifty pieces of heavy artillery were planted to rain destruction upon the dense ranks of the foe. Eighty thousand Russians occupied the ridge. Sixty thousand Frenchmen were spread over the plain below. Throughout the night there was the murmur of voices and the confusion of military movements as horsemen and footmen selected positions for the battle. The sentinels of the two armies exchanged kindly greetings, and could almost touch each with their muskets. In these sad hours the spirit of humanity triumphed over the ferocity of war, and the soldiers of the two armies, feeling no personal hostility, as they walked their dreary rounds, cheered each other with the interchange of food and wine.

The morning had not yet dawned when the cannonade commenced. Seven hundred pieces of artillery, worked by the most expert gunners, mowed down the opposing hosts upon the hill and the plain. Column after column melted away before the merciless discharges. At the same time a smothering, blinding storm of snow swept the field. The smoke of the battle, blending with the storm, enveloped the combatants in the gloom of almost impenetrable night. Beneath this sulphurous canopy, where the flash of the guns could scarcely be perceived, squadrons of horsemen and footmen were hurled against each other.

Thus for eighteen hours the battle raged, one hundred and forty thousand men firing into each others bosoms. In the midst of the conflict the emperor was informed that a church, which occupied a position deemed of essential importance, had been taken by the enemy. Spurring his horse into the midst of a column of his troops, he said: "We must have that church back again at every hazard." With a shout of *vive l'empereur* the column made a resistless charge, through a storm of bullets, upon the foe. The emperor espied in the ranks an old grenadier, with blood-stained clothes, blackened with gunpowder, and his left arm just torn off by a shell, while drops of blood were fast falling from the ghastly wound.

"Stay, stay," cried the emperor, "and go to the ambulance and get your wound dressed."

"I will," said the soldier, "so soon as we shall have taken the church," and rushing on with his comrades, he disappeared amidst the smoke and the tumult of the battle.

The twilight of the stormy day gradually gave place to the gloom of night. The storm of battle still raged with undiminished fury. Thirty thousand Russians were already stretched upon the frozen ground. Ten thousand Frenchmen, the dying and the dead, were also strowed upon the plain. Ten thousand horses had also been struck by the balls. Some were struggling in the convulsive agonies of death, while others, in the wildest terror, were rushing riderless over the plain.

It was now ten o'clock at night, and nearly one-half of the Russian army was destroyed, and all the survivors were exhausted and despondent. At that hour a fresh division of the French army impetuously entered the field. This decided the day. But still the Russians, though retiring, maintained a brave and unbroken front. The victors, utterly exhausted, sought such repose as could be found, shelterless beneath that wintry sky. Napoleon, according to his invariable custom, traversed the field of battle, to minister, with his own hands, to the wounded and the dying. It was midnight, cold and stormy. Perhaps never before did earth present a spectacle of such unmitigated misery. Frightful was the scene which the dawn of the morning revealed. Nearly forty thousand men, awfully mutilated, were stretched upon the crimsoned snow. A wail of anguish rose from the wounded, which froze every heart with terror. For eight days Napoleon remained at Eylau, until all the sick and wounded were carefully provided for, when he returned to the Vistula. In the spring he again marched forth to the victory of Friedland and the peace of Tilsit.

COUNTRY HOUSES.

Swiss cottages are picturesque; Italian villas elegant; mansions in the Elizabethan style quaint and striking; but they are by no means comfortable country homes, and as people are supposed to build houses for their own convenience, and not for the special delectation of landscape painters, plain folk cannot understand why the rich should stow themselves away in such ornamental nuisances. The reason is obvious—it is the *fashion*, and fashion never hurts. To build and live in a gimcrack house—a "house with seven gables," as it were—is considered an indication of travelled taste. But it is no such thing. *Our* kind of Swiss cottages are not common in Switzerland, and *our* Italian villas are not the reigning style in Italy. No matter—they astonish "the vulgar;" and to accomplish this great end the Would Be's of the world are willing to submit to much personal inconvenience.

Of course, reader, you have been in a Swiss cottage on the American plan. There are so many of them in the country, that if you have any rural friends of a tasteful turn, you must have seen the inside of one. Are they not nice places to inhabit, with their sweltering attic dormitories, and their baby-house parlors, and their narrow labyrinthine passages and stairways. How the fresh air, let in at the doors and windows, ever finds its way through their intricacies is a mystery. The Italian villas are not much better, though a trifle less like Chinese puzzles in their internal architecture. Both seem to have been constructed under the supervision of a Professor of Inconvenience for the occupation of families who like to live in bandboxes.

There are other styles of fashionable country edifices, belonging to several curious *dis*orders of architecture, which are still more objectionable—conglomerations of spires, peaked roofs, battlements, cupolas, and turrets, the sight of which would have thrown Inigo Jones, or Sir Christopher Wren into convulsions. Some of these concerns are as full of involutions as Milton's Paradise Lost; so complicated, in fact, that one cannot think straight in one of them. Yet the owners fancy they are wonders of ingenuity; and so, in fact, they are, but the ingenuity has been misapplied.

The grand object of putting up such fol-de-rol habitations is to make common-place outsiders stare. But they do not attract the admiration of our shrewd yeomanry, nevertheless. The proprietors of substantial, roomy farm houses, built for comfort and not for show, do not covet these fantastic tabernacles, nor envy their tenants, in the least. They laugh good humoredly as they pass Mr. Such-a-one's "folly," and appreciate more keenly than ever the comforts of their own more simple and convenient dwellings.

A square, two or three story house, with spacious halls running through each story, and ample piazzas on every side, is the country house to *live in*. Persons who erect dwellings merely to astonish the natives, regardless of interior discomfort, will of course continue to patronize the fantastic at the expense of the agreeable.

MILLION WISE AND BILLION FOOLISH.

We have lately received some useful lessons in the art of government. Our people have generally looked on disapprovingly whenever Congress has made appropriations for objects of remote or merely probable utility. But recent events have shown that very costly measures may be very strict economy.

For example—it cost the government a large sum to send Gen. McClellan and two other officers to the Crimea to study the art of war. But Gen. McClellan has since used the information thus obtained in a way that may result in saving the country. The Coast Survey is another example. The Coast Survey has cost nearly seven millions, but during the last three months it has amply repaid its entire cost—as every naval officer well knows. The government has probably spent half a million dollars during the last five years in experimenting upon fire-arms—money now seen by every one to have been well spent. For fifty years there have been politicians bent on the destruction of the Military Academy at West Point. Recent events, however, have demonstrated the absolute necessity of such institutions. Recent events have shown that the volunteer system has every requisite excepting only what military academies can alone supply—trained officers. There was a good deal of clamor in consequence of the expense of building Fortress Monroe. Who would sell it now for ten times its cost?

In short, economy is a good thing, but it is often the truest economy to spend freely for an object of remote advantage. Ten millions quietly spent in time of peace may save five hundred millions when war comes.

PLEASANT DRINK.

The Sanitary Report of the City of London for the present year, referring to the well water of the metropolis, cheerfully remarks that "the sparkle of the well water arises from organic decay, and most of the springs filter through *over-filled graveyards*." Was it the Bactrians, or some other barbarian people of antiquity, that performed the act of sepulture by *eating* their dead? Verily, drinking water that has been filtered through acres of graves, is not much better than Bactrian cannibalism. If we lived in London, we should adhere strictly to the proverb, "let *well* alone."

THE WONDERFUL MR. WALKER.

The man most nearly perfect of whom we have read was the Rev. Robert Walker, a clergyman of the church of England, born in 1709; the singular story of whose life we find related by the poet Wordsworth. His family possessed a small estate, but he was the youngest of twelve children, and had to win his education for the ministry by hard toil, seldom assisted. Having obtained a curacy in the north of England that produced seventeen pounds, ten shillings a year, he married a modest and noble-minded servant-girl, who had saved forty pounds out of her wages, reared a family of eight children, settled them respectably in life, educated one son for the ministry, and died at the age of ninety, worth three thousand pounds, adored by his parish, and revered by all who knew him. To this day, he is spoken of in his county as "*the wonderful Mr. Walker.*"

The mystery of this man's career is explained by Mr. Wordsworth. Eight hours in each day, for five days in the week, and four hours on Saturdays, he sat within the rails of the altar of his little church, teaching the children of the parish, and spinning wool. He charged nothing for teaching, but received from a few of the richer parishioners a few shillings a year. There was no fire in the church. When the children were cold, he sent the little ones to warm themselves by the kitchen fire of the parsonage, and the elder ones to run up to the top of a steep hill near by. In the evenings he still kept at his wool-spinning, using, for variety and exercise, a large wheel that obliged him to stand, and to step to and fro. His wife was a spinner also, and all his children, as they grew old enough, assisted their parents in the same employment. He served the parish as scrivener, conveyancer, arbitrator, and appraiser, charging a fixed, but moderate sum for his services. He tilled a garden, kept two cows and a few sheep, and cultivated a glebe of three acres. He assisted his neighbors in sheepshearing, haymaking and harvesting, receiving the reward of a fleece, a haycock, or a few sheaves from each. All the clothing of the family was home-spun and home-made, even to their shoes. Their fuel was peat, dug by their own hands. Their house was lighted by rush-candles made by themselves. From Monday morning till Saturday noon, this parsonage was a scene of cheerful, happy, victorious industry. On Saturday afternoons, the pastor read his newspaper or his magazine, and rested his mind and his body.

On Sundays he shone with new lustre. His sermons were short, kind, practical; he inculcated good conduct, neighborly affection, and all good feelings, occupying himself little with doctrines. He had not a dissenter in his parish. His preaching came with resistless power, because everyone who heard him knew that as he preached so he lived. He was remarkable even for his mere preaching talent; he could have won distinction in a metropolitan pulpit. His written style was animated, compact, forcible, and pleasing.

But, what was most surprising, his ceaseless round of rude, hard duty, kept up for sixty years, never impaired the elasticity or the delicacy of his mind. He was always a generous, high-minded, whole-souled, warm-hearted gentleman. He allowed himself no luxury, but his house was the very home of hospitality; *real* hospitality, hospitality bestowed on those who needed it. He gave liberally and wisely of all he had. Devoted to his profession, he was utterly devoid of the least taint of sanctimony or any other affectation. His dignity was genuine; he had no need to take any measures to enhance it. When his bishop wished to add to his curacy that of the next parish, he declined it, saying that both parishes had been used to two services on Sunday, and would murmur if reduced to one. His conversation was rich in matter, his manners were those of a man of high-breeding, and his bearing was apostolic. His love of nature was a passion. Nature was his mother, and he her fond, inquisitive son. Nature was his library; he learned of her at first hand, and out of her stores gathered nutrition for his children's minds.

"Once, when I was very young," wrote one of his grandchildren, "I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing that venerable old man in his ninetieth year, and even then the calmness, the force, the perspicuity of his sermon, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of grey hairs and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon my mind, that I never see a hoary-headed clergyman without thinking of Mr. Walker."

His health was unimpared until his wife died. From that time he never preached but with a faltering voice, and he would glance sadly at the pew where she had sat for so many happy years. He could not pass her tomb without tears. With his friends and family he was still the calm and cheerful old man; but when he was alone his spirits drooped. He went to bed the night before he died at twelve o'clock. Leaning on his daughter's arm, he went, as his nightly custom was, a few steps into the open air, to see the stars and meditate in the stillness of night. "How clear the moon shines to-night," she heard him say. The next morning at six he was found in his bed a corpse.

RETURNED PASTORS.

The churches are now re-opened after the ministerial summer vacation; and our clergymen, we hope, return to their duties with recuperated energies. This is as it should be. No class of men, if they are faithful to their trust, need more this short respite from labor. Clergymen are not exempt from the common necessities of our nature, though they are too often expected to be. We rejoice that they who, in the beautiful language of Scripture, are to lead us by the green pastures and still waters, have looked again upon the honest face of Nature, which is as new and fresh with every returning season as when the eyes of our first parents opened upon it. Let them be received by the people among whom they labor with that cordial recognition which the faithful and conscientious pastor so much needs—the pastor who feels more than any one can tell him, his great responsibilities, and the vast distance still between him and that high standard, which he strives spite of all drawbacks and difficulties to reach.

HEALTHY BODIES.

Chess playing may be a safe and intellectual amusement; but when we see a young man, who has been all day bending over the desk, sit down to "the relaxation" of contemplating a chess-board for hours, we feel like entering our earnest protest, and pointing him to the cricket-ground, or any other *active* sport, which his stooping shoulders and contracted chest cry out for. Notwithstanding the reform which has been effected in the ideas of the generality of people on these and similar subjects, there is room for more and greater. *A healthy body* should be the *first* care of every man, woman and child in our midst. The impiety of neglecting it, is palpable. With our present knowledge of the needs of the body, and the disastrous consequences of neglect, no one can plead ignorance as an excuse. Let our readers examine well their habits in this regard; examine them as a man may examine into his faithful stewardship of a great trust committed to his charge by *The Master*.

FANNY FERN.

HOW IS IT, LOVE?

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

How is it, love, the beautiful
Are oft the first to know
This world is full of misery,
Of sorrow, pain, and woe?
Alas, alas! that this should be,
And that upon thy brow
The hand of grief, with heaviness,
Is resting even now.

Thine eyes their lustre still retain,
And beautiful thou art;
But yet I see thy brow is pale,
And grief has touched thy heart.
Oh, well I know the brightest flowers
The first are to decay;
And thou, like them, in beauty dress'd,
Art passing swift away.

Oh, dearest one, I cannot speak
The anguish of my heart;
But yet the fiat has gone forth,
We soon, alas, must part.
But when thou leavest this dark world,
May power to thee be given
To watch for me with spirit love,
Within the gates of heaven.

* * *

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

Her veil was backward thrown;
Relieving tears refused to flow,
All drank by her great thirsty woe,
She seemed transformed to stone.
Save that at times her white lips quivered,
And her young limbs like aspen shivered
And burst a low, sad moan!
NICHOLAS MICHELL.

And how did Eudora pass the few anxious days of imprisonment preceding her trial?

Oh, Heaven! how much the human heart may bear, and yet live on! Who can compute the amount of sorrow, humiliation and terror that formed the great weight of anguish that pressed her young heart almost unto death?

Deep, poignant grief for the loss of her nearest and dearest kindred; burning shame at the infamous charge under which she suffered, and shuddering horrors at the awful doom that darkly lowered over her.

Either of these passionate emotions singly was enough to have crushed her heart or crazed her brain. All of them at once she was fated to endure.

Often, as with closed eyes and laboring lungs she lay upon the narrow bed of her prison cell, she thought that her fainting heart must stop, and her gasping breath cease forever. Often she hoped that they might. And thus, indeed, her light of life might have been smothered beneath its weight of anguish, but for the tender care of those few devoted friends who cherished the dying flame.

Malcolm Montrose, Counsellor Fenton, Mr. Anderson and Mrs. Barton, all endeavored in every possible way to comfort, cheer, sustain and strengthen Eudora.

She was seldom left alone for half an hour during the day.

The devoted love of her betrothed gave her consolation; the confident manner of her advocate inspired her with hope; the zealous friendship of the governor filled her with gratitude, and the constant attention of her wardress left her little time for brooding melancholy.

And thus passed the days that brought the fatal Monday for the opening of the assizes.

That Monday on which those assizes were held will long be remembered in Abbeytown.

The most intense interest was felt by people in all ranks of society, in all parts of the country, in the approaching trial of a young, beautiful, and high-born girl, for the atrocious crime of poisoning.

All persons who could possibly leave their homes came to Abbeytown to abide during the holding of the assizes, for the purpose of being present at the trial.

As early as the Saturday previous, the hotels, lodging-houses, and even private dwellings, began to fill with an ever-increasing crowd of visitors.

On Sunday the town was quite full. On Monday, though the multitude continued to pour in, not one disengaged room or bed was to be procured for love or money within its boundaries.

Ingle, the young law-clerk that had come up from London in attendance upon Mr. Fenton, declared that Abbeytown during these assizes looked like Epsom in the race week.

Lord Chief Baron Elverton was on the circuit that year.

About nine o'clock in the morning, the hour of the judges' arrival having been duly notified by telegraph, the high sheriff, with his constabulary staff, proceeded to the railway station to meet and escort their lordships to the town.

They drove from the station to the Leaton Arms, where the best suites of apartments had been pre-engaged for their accommodation, and where a public breakfast awaited them.

At about twelve at noon the whole party went in procession to the court-house, and opened the commission.

The whole of that afternoon was occupied with the preliminary business of the session.

The second day was employed in trying those common rural cases of poaching, riot, and petty larceny that took precedence upon the docket of the one great trial. These were all disposed of before the adjournment of the court on Tuesday evening.

And thus on Wednesday morning it was confidently expected that, as soon as the court should meet, the case of the "Crown *vs.* Eudora Leaton," charged with poisoning, would be called.

The same lawyer's clerk, whose talents lay rather in drawing comparisons than briefs, declared that if the town at the opening of the assizes resembled Epsom in the race week, it now bore a striking likeness to that famous little village on the Derby-day.

Abbeytown was indeed full to repletion. Every house, every street, every thoroughfare was crowded to suffocation. Every avenue approaching the court-house was blocked up by carriages, horses, and foot-passengers.

Every person seemed to have come with the wild idea of being able to catch a glimpse of the notorious prisoner as she was conveyed from the gaol to the court-house, or even with the mad hope of getting a seat in the halls of justice to witness the trial. Of course most were disappointed; for the narrow court-room could not comfortably accommodate much more than one hundred souls, or, compactly crowded, more than two hundred; though upon this particular occasion nearly three hundred persons were said to have been squeezed between its four walls. The aristocracy, gentry, and yeomanry of the county were represented among the spectators that filled to suffocation that court-room.

In one part of the hall, to the right of the bench, were assembled the whole family from the Anchorage; for not only the Admiral, Sir Ira Brunton, his nephew, the young lieutenant, his grand-daughter, Annella, his guest, the Italian princess, but even his ancestresses, the two ancient dames, were present, drawn thither by the intense interest of the approaching trial.

In the very deepest shadow of a corner behind this group stood apart a tall man, whose form was enveloped in a long, dark cloak, and whose face was shaded by a deep sombrero hat.

At some little distance, sulky, silent and alone, stood Norham Montrose.

And all there were so closely pressed in by the crowd, that they could neither move, converse, nor scarcely breathe. The whole assembly seemed so intensely anxious for the commencement of the trial, that they hardly once removed their eyes from the door by which the prisoner was expected to be brought into court. At half-past nine the judges appeared.

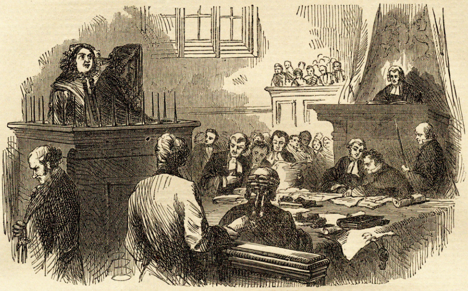
As soon as the Lord Chief Baron Elverton and the associate judges took their seats, the eyes of the whole assembly were directed towards the bench.

Indeed, the central figure there, the presiding judge, Lord Chief Baron Elverton, was, by his imposing presence, no less than his august office and his mysterious family history, calculated to attract and rivet attention.

He was now but sixty years of age, though looking seventy-five or eighty. His once large, massive, and erect form was now bowed, shrunken and emaciated; his fine, high, noble features were faded, sunken, and sharpened; his once luxuriant auburn hair and beard were now thin and white as snow; his countenance, though expressive of intellectual pride and conscious power, was impressed with the ineffaceable marks of deep suffering modified by patient benignity.

But what was the nature of that suffering? Was it inconsolable sorrow for some heavy misfortune earth could never repair? Or was it inextinguishable remorse for some deep sin that Heaven could not pardon?

No one ever knew, or even surmised. But, as the spectators looked upon that care-worn face, they spoke together in whispers of that strange,



"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?"

terrible, unexplained episode in his family history; the sudden, fearful midnight flight of his son; the total estrangement between himself and his daughter-in-law and the rigid seclusion of his young grand-daughter; and, for the hundredth time, wondered whatever could be at the bottom of those mysteries. For the moment even the impending trial was forgotten in this discussion of the family secrets of Lord Elverton.

But the attention of the assembly was soon recalled to its first subject.

The prisoner was ordered to be brought into court.

And once more every eye was turned and fixed in unwinking vigilance upon the door by which she was expected to enter.

And all this eager curiosity in the crowd was only to see one poor, frightened, trembling girl brought up to trial for life or death.

They had not long to wait for their spectacle.

The doors were thrown open, and the young prisoner was led in between the deputy-sheriff and the female turnkey.

The merciless gaze of those hundreds of eager eyes fell, not upon a bold woman—a hardened criminal—but upon a young, slight, delicate girl, dressed in black and deeply vailed, who advanced with trembling steps and downcast eyes.

Behind her walked Malcolm Montrose, whose haggard countenance betrayed the agony of anxiety he suffered on her account.

She was led up the length of the hall and let into the dock, where a seat had been placed for her by some kind hand.

At a sign from the sheriff, the wardress entered and took a place by her side.

Malcolm Montrose posted himself as near the dock as he could possibly get.

As Eudora dropped into her seat, her head sank upon her breast, her hands fell upon her lap, and her whole form collapsed and shrank beneath the oppressive gaze of that large assembly.

Yet, if the poor girl could have looked up, she would have seen more than one pair of eyes regarding her with an expression kinder than mere curiosity; even those of the venerable judge were bent upon her in deep compassion.

But she dared not lift her head.

She heard a murmur of voices, a stir of hands, a rustle of papers, and then the voice of the clerk of arraigns, calling out:

"Eudora Leaton!"

She started as though she had received a blow, and instinctively threw aside her vail.

And the beautiful, pale, agonized young face was revealed to the whole assembly.

A murmur of compassion moved, breeze-like, through the hitherto pitiless crowd, and a single half-suppressed cry was heard from the Anchorage party.

That cry came from Annella Wilder, who then for the first time discovered the identity between her friend Miss Miller and the accused Eudora Leaton.

"Attend to the reading of the indictment," continued the clerk, addressing the prisoner.

Eudora obeyed by lifting her frightened eyes to the cold, business-like face of the speaker, who commenced reading the formidable document he held in his hand, setting forth in successive counts how the prisoner, Eudora Leaton, being impelled by satanic agency, with malice prepense, at certain times and places therein specified, by the administration of certain poisonous and deadly drugs, did feloniously procure and effect the death of the Honorable Agatha Leaton, &c., &c., &c.

"Prisoner at the bar, arise, and hold up your right hand," ordered the clerk, when the reading was finished.

Eudora, pale, faint and trembling, obeyed.

"Prisoner, you have heard the charge against you. Are you guilty or not guilty of the felonies with which you are accused?"

"Not guilty, as I shall answer at the last day before the awful bar of God," said Eudora, in a low, sweet, solemn voice, that thrilled through the hearts of that whole assembly, as she sank again into her seat.

The attorney-general, who had come down from London to prosecute this most important case, now arose in his place, took the bill of indictment from the clerk of arraigns, and proceeded to open the case on the part of the Crown.

He commenced by saying that his duty in the present instance was extremely distressing in its nature, but, fortunately, simple in its course; that the case he stood there to prosecute, dark as it was with the deepest guilt, was yet so clearly illumined by the light of evidence, that happily it need not occupy the court long; that whether they considered the tender youth of the criminal, the cold-blooded atrocity of the crime, or the high worth of the victims, this agonizing case had no parallel in the long experience of the oldest barrister living, or the whole history of criminal jurisprudence; that he need not recall to memory the celebrated cases of Borgia, Essex, Brinvilliers, or Lafarge to prove that youth, beauty, womanhood and high rank combined, were not incompatible with deep guilt and dark crimes in their possessors; that he did not mean to draw any comparison between the female fiends he had named and the prisoner at the bar, for he should soon prove Eudora Leaton had succeeded in reaching a much higher point upon the "bad eminence" of criminal fame than had ever been attained by Lafarge, Brinvilliers, Essex, or Borgia.

"The prisoner," he said, "of Indian parentage, was the only child of the late Honorable Charles Leaton and his wife, Oolah Kalooh, of Lahore, and, doubtless, she must have derived from her mother all those subtle, secretive, and treacherous elements of character for which the East Indian is noted, while she gained from her father all that rare, dangerous, botanical knowledge of the deadly plants of the country, the study of which had once been his favorite pastime, and the acquaintance with which has been recently her most fatal medium of destruction.

"By the death of her parents," he continued, "she was left an orphan at the early age of sixteen years. Her uncle, the late Lord Leaton, as soon as he received intelligence of her condition, dispatched a special messenger to India to bring her home to his own house. Upon her arrival, he, as well as his whole family, received the orphan with the utmost tenderness, placing her at once upon an equal footing with his own only daughter and sole heiress.

"But how," inquired the prosecutor, "has the benevolence, confidence, and affection of this honored family been repaid by their cherished *protegée!* They have been repaid by the blackest ingratitude, the foulest treachery, the deepest guilt; they have been repaid with death—the insidious, protracted, dreadful death of slow poison—poison administered by her whom they received into the bosom of their family.

"And what," he asked, "tempted this young, beautiful, and high-born girl to plunge herself into this deep Gehenna of guilt, misery, and infamy?

"The basest motive that could influence human nature—the love of lucre! She knew that, in the event of the death of Lord and Lady Leaton and their daughter, *she* must be the sole inheritor of the whole Leaton estate; and for this inheritance she has perpetrated crimes unequalled in atrocity by her most notorious predecessors of criminal celebrity.

"She has sacrificed her nearest kindred in this world, and her dearest interests in the next. She has destroyed those who sheltered her. Yes, she whom they received into their homes and hearts, warmed at their household fire, cherished with their bosom's love, *she* drugged their daily food and drink with the deadliest poisons, until they wasted, withered, and perished before her, as plants before the breath of the death-blowing sirocco!

"As under the action of this slow poison, one after another sank upon the last couch of illness, *she* it was who superseded every honest and trustworthy attendant, and with deceitful zeal and deadly purpose, hovered about the bed of death!

"*Her* hand it was that changed the heated pillow, bathed the burning brow, and then placed the poisoned cup to the parched lips that thanked her for the cooling draught, and blessed her for her loving care!

"*Her* hand it was that wiped the death-dew from the fading forehead, returned the last pressure of the failing fingers, and closed the glazing eyes of the dead victim—dead by her deed. But they

"'Are in their graves, where she,
Their murderess, soon shall be.'

"For she has lost the game at which she staked her soul, and sits there now to wait her doom.

"Bowed down and crushed almost unto death is she? Aye, not by grief for her sin, but for that 'sin's detection and despair.'

"Beautiful, is she? Aye! beautiful as all the fatal growths of her native clime! beautiful as the spotted serpent of her jungles—as the striped tigress of her forests—as the stately ignatia of her plains!

"Thank Heaven, she is not a native of civilized and Christian Europe, but of that deadly clime where the fierce heat of the sun draws from the earth the most noxious plants, and developes in man and brute the most ferocious passions—the land of the upas and the cobra—the land of Nena Sahib!

"But enough," he concluded. He would not deal in invective, or seek to exaggerate that guilt which no words of the prosecutor could possibly magnify. He had stated the facts of the case; he would now proceed to call witnesses to prove them.

This severe opening charge was felt by all to be no mere official denunciation by the prosecutor, but the awful truth, as he himself believed it to be, and finally succeeded in causing judge, jury, and audience to accept it.

Its effect upon the poor young prisoner was overwhelming. She drooped still lower, and breathed, from the depths of her wounded spirit—

"Oh, Father, Thou who knowest all things, knowest that this is not true of me; Thou who canst do all things, will yet deliver me from death!"

But was she the greatest sufferer there? Ah, no! He who stood behind her, hearing this terrible charge, without the power of contradicting her accuser—seeing all eyes fixed in horror upon her without the privilege of saying one word in her defence, and witnessing her distress without the means of consoling it—suffered more, though he bore up better than she did.

Upon our simple family party from the Anchorage the effect of the attorney-general's opening address was very profound.

"Dear, dear, dear!" sighed old Mrs. Stilton, whose simple mind received every word uttered by that high dignitary as gospel truth, because how could such a learned gentleman be mistaken? "Dear, dear, dear! what a young devil she is to be sure!"

"Yes—a real young Indian demon! a genuine little cobra-di-capello—an infant Thug! They'll be sure to hang her, that's one comfort!" said the admiral.

"It is false! The attorney-general is no better than a licensed slanderer! I hate him! and I wish *he* was on trial!" cried Annella, bursting into tears of rage and grief.

But the clerk was calling the first witness for the Crown, and all eyes and ears were directed to the words of that functionary.

The evidence for the prosecution was essentially the same as that elicited at the coroner's inquest and at the magistrate's investigation. It need not be repeated in detail here. It is sufficient to say that the first witnesses examined were the medical men who had assisted at the autopsy of the dead bodies, and the analysis of the tamarind-water. Their testimony clearly proved that the deceased had died from the effects of ignatia, and that the fatal drug had been administered in their drink.

And the severest cross-examination of these witnesses by the counsel for the prisoner only served the more strongly to confirm the facts, and the more deeply to impress them upon the minds of the jury.

"And thus," said the counsel for the Crown, "the primary item in the prosecution—to wit, that the deceased came to their death by poison—may be considered as established. Our next care shall be to prove that this poison was feloniously administered by the prisoner at the bar."

The witnesses examined upon this point were the household servants of Allworth Abbey, who all testified to the facts that Miss Eudora Leaton had been the constant attendant upon the sick-beds of the deceased; that she had prepared all their food and drink, and especially the tamarind-water, and that she was with Miss Agatha Leaton at the hour of her sudden death.

These witnesses were carefully cross-examined by Mr. Fenton, but, alas! with no favorable result for his unhappy client!

Finally, the police-officers who had executed the search-warrant for examining the chamber of the prisoner, produced a small packet of strange-looking grey berries, that they testified to having found hidden in a secret drawer of her escritoire.

The medical men were recalled, and identified these to be the deadly *fabæ Sancti Ignatii* of the East Indies, the same fatal poison which had been discovered in the autopsy of the dead bodies and the analysis of the tamarind-water.

These were the last witnesses examined on the part of the prosecution. And as it had happened before, the closest cross-examination by the prisoner's advocate only resulted in strengthening the testimony.

"And now," concluded the Queen's counsel, "the second item in the prosecution—namely, that the poison by which the deceased came to their death was feloniously administered by the prisoner at the bar—may be considered so clearly proved that we are contented here to rest the case for the Crown."

CHAPTER XXII.

Thus on her doom to think,
Well may the dews of torture now
Hang bead-like on her straining brow,
Well may her spirit shrink.
'Tis hard in youth to yield our breath;
To die in thought is double death,
Shivering on fate's cold brink.
NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Mr. Fenton arose for the defence. He was much too wise to weaken his cause by attempting to deny that which was undeniable. He therefore resolved to waive the first, and to concentrate his forces upon the overthrow of the second and vital point in the prosecution.

He commenced by saying that he would admit the fact that the Leaton family had perished by poison, but would totally deny that this poison had been administered by his client.

"Let the jury," he said, "look upon Eudora Leaton, where she sits, overwhelmed with her weight of woe! Observe how young, how delicate, how sensitive she is. Can any one for an instant suppose that she, a young girl of sixteen springs, a mere child in years, an infant still in law, could have conceived, planned and executed so atrocious a crime as the destruction of a whole family to clear the way for her own inheritance of their estates? Such a supposition would be preposterous.

"It can only be because, for the deep atrocity of this crime, the law demands an instant victim, and no other is to be found, that this poor child has been seized and offered here as a sacrifice to appease the offended majesty of justice. And if in the end she is immolated, it will be only as the pascal lamb, slain upon the altar of the temple for the sins of others!

"I will not," he continued, "affect to disregard the meshes of coincidence that envelop my most innocent client.

"Like the poor lost dove, beaten down by the storm, and fallen into the net of the fowler, she is involved in a coil of circumstances that may prove to be her destruction, unless the just interpretation of an intelligent jury intervene to save her from unmerited martyrdom.

"But," he continued, "I have a theory that I shall offer in explanation of those circumstances, which I firmly believe must exonerate my client in the mind of the jury and every just person present.

"Before proceeding further, I will read a few extracts from the records of the coroner's inquest upon this case."

Here Counsellor Fenton took from the hands of his clerk certain documents, from which he read aloud that part of the evidence given by the late Lady Leaton, in which she testified to having seen the shadow of a woman's form upon the wall, and heard the rustle of a woman's dress along the floor of her husband's chamber a few moments before he drank the fatal sleeping-draught that stood upon the stand beside his bed on the night of his death.

Next the advocate turned to another part of the record, and read the evidence given by the late Miss Leaton, in which she deposed that, at the very time at which her mother heard the noise and saw the shadow in her father's room, Eudora was seated beside Agatha's bed, engaged in the vain effort to read the restless invalid to sleep.

Finally, he referred to the record of the second coroner's inquest, and read the evidence given by Eudora Leaton, in which she testified that, while watching by the bedside of her cousin on the night of her death, she fell into a light slumber, from which she was awakened by the impression of some one moving about the room, and that at the moment of opening her eyes, she saw a figure steal away through the door opening into her own adjoining chamber; but that on following the figure, she found the next room vacant, and therefore fancied that her half-awakened senses had deceived her.

"The evidence which I have just read," continued Counsellor Fenton, as he returned the documents to the hands of his clerk, "is so significant, so important, so vital to the cause of justice, that, had it been permitted to have its due influence with the coroner's jury, no such cruel suspicion could have fallen upon Eudora Leaton as that which has placed her here on trial for her life. And now at least, when that evidence shall be duly considered, it must entirely exonerate this most innocent girl. From that evidence, gentlemen of the jury, I draw the whole theory of this most mysterious chain of crime, and that theory I would undertake to establish, as the only true one, to your perfect satisfaction.

"The whole Leaton family have perished by the hand of the poisoner. True—alas! most horribly true! But who, then, is that poisoner? Who but that noctural visitor, who had stolen like a fell assassin to the chamber of Agatha Leaton, and while her watcher slumbered, put the poison into her drink, and whose ill-boding form was seen by the awakening watcher to steal away and disappear in the darkness? Who but that midnight intruder, who, in the temporary absence of Lady Leaton, glided like an evil spirit to the bedside of Lord Leaton, and dropped the deadly drug into his drink, and whose rustling rainment was heard by Lady Leaton to sweep across the floor like the trailing wings of a demon, and whose dark shadow was seen to glide swiftly along the wall like its vanishing form?

"But who was this fiend in human form. Not Eudora Leaton, whom the testimony of the late Agatha Leaton proved to have been at that hour engaged in another place. Who, then, was it? Heaven only knows! But whoever it might have been, it was one who, in resolving upon the destruction of the whole Leaton family, had determined upon the death of Eudora too! One who, in carrying out the fell purpose of extirpation, while compassing the death of Lord and Lady Leaton and their daughter, took measures to fix the crime upon Eudora Leaton for her ruin. The same fiend who, in the deep midnight glided into the chamber of Agatha Leaton, and infused the deadly ignatia into her cooling drink, in passing through Eudora's room, deposited the fatal drug in her drawers to fix this suspicion upon her! It was a most diabolical plot, worthy only of the accursed spirits of Tophet.

"This," he concluded, "was his theory of the murders, a theory that he most fervently believed to be the true one—a theory that he most earnestly entreated the jury to deeply consider before consigning a young, lovely, and accomplished woman; a delicate, sensitive, refined being; a most injured, most unhappy, yet most innocent maiden, to the deep dishonor of a capital conviction, the unspeakable wretchedness of a blighted name, and the horrible martyrdom of a public death!"

The advocate sat down *really*, not professionally overcome by his emotions.

The influence of this address upon the unhappy girl was very beneficial; it inspired her with hope; it revived her sinking courage; it enabled her to look up and breathe.

The effect upon the spectators was seen by their changed expression. They no longer regarded the poor young prisoner with looks of horror, but with eyes full of compassion. But the effect upon our guileless friends of the Anchorage was noteworthy.

"Well, now, perhaps after all she did not do it, poor thing!" observed the blunt admiral, whose convictions were shaken by Mr. Fenton's address.

"Didn't do it? Why, of course she didn't do it!" exclaimed Mrs. Stilton, who had been turned completely round by the advocate's speech; "it's certain she didn't do it. Haven't you just heard the nice gentleman in the gown and wig explain how it was all a plot against her, poor dear, motherless child? It's my belief as the attorney-general was in it; and it's my hopes he'll be found out and punished. I don't believe the good Queen knew anything about it, as forward as they are using her name in the dockerments."

"I love that dear, darling old Lawyer Fenton. Oh, how I do love him for his defence of poor Eudora! Yes, I do, Cousin Vally, and so you needn't bite your under-lip and frown. I do love him, and if he was to ask me to have him, I'd marry him to-morrow!" exclaimed Annella, to the annoyance of Mr. Valorous Brightwell, who could not see any reason for such enthusiastic gratitude.

But the clerk of arraigns was summoning witnesses for the defence, and the attention of the spectators was immediately attracted.

These witnesses were some of the household servants of Allworth Abbey and some of the friends and neighbors of the Leaton family, who being in turn called and sworn, testified to the integrity and amiability of the prisoner, and the confidence and affection that existed between her and the deceased.

And with the examination of the last witness, the defence closed.

Alas! how weak it was, although the best that could be offered. To the attorney-general, indeed, the defence appeared so weak and so unlikely to influence in any way the decision of the jury, that he waived his right to reply upon the evidence adduced by the counsel for the prisoner, and left the case in the hands of the judge.

The Lord Chief Baron Elverton rose to sum up the evidence on each side, and to charge the jury.

Every eye was now turned upon the noble, grave, and grief-worn face of the venerable judge, and every ear was strained to catch the words of his address, for every soul believed that from the spirit of his speech the jury would take its opinions, and the young prisoner receive her fate.

"Gentlemen of the jury," began his lordship, "you have heard the charge brought against the prisoner at the bar. You have heard that charge ably exponed by the learned counsel for the Crown, and strongly supported by the witnesses he called. You have also heard the same eloquently repudiated by the distinguished advocate for the prisoner, and somewhat affected by the evidence he has presented.

"On the one hand, the case against the prisoner, as made out by the prosecution, is strong, very strong, but it is only circumstantial, and may well be fallacious. On the other hand, the explanation of those circumstances, as offered by the defence, are plausible, extremely plausible, and may easily be true; and I feel it my duty to recommend this explanation to the most serious attention of the jury.

"Of the guilt or innocence of this young girl, none but the Omniscient can judge with infallibility; but in all cases of uncertainty it is the duty of Cristian jurors, as it is the spirit of civilized law, to favor the acquittal of the prisoner. Such doubtful cases are most frequently found among those sustained solely by circumstantial evidence.

"Now, circumstantial evidence is not positive testimony—far from it. Witness the recent case of Eliza Fenning, an innocent woman, convicted by an English jury upon circumstantial evidence, but whose innocence was not discovered until after her execution, when it was too late to repair that dreadful error—when no power on earth could restore the life that the law had unjustly taken.

"One such judicial murder as that should be a warning to English juries, through all future time, never, except upon the most unquestionable proof, to assume the awful responsibility of pronouncing upon a fellow-creature's guilt, or taking that sacred life which no earthly power ever can give back. Better that some guilty homicides should be left to the sure retribution of God than that one innocent person should be consigned to the unmerited ignominy of a capital conviction and a shameful death.

"If, from the evidence before you, you feel assured of the prisoner's guilt, it is your duty to convict her; but if any—the least degree of uncertainty disturb your judgment—it is your duty to acquit her. English law recognizes no such middle course as that taken by the jury in rendering their verdict in the celebrated case of Madeleine Smith. If the charge is considered 'not proved,' the prisoner is entitled to a full acquittal."

And, finally praying that their counsels might be directed by Omniscient wisdom, he dismissed them to the deliberation upon their verdict.

The venerable chief baron resumed his seat, and the bailiffs conducted the jury from the court-room.

The spectators breathed freely again. His lordship certainly favored the prisoner. And if ever the charge of a judge could sway the minds of a jury, those twelve men must certainly bring in a verdict of acquittal.

"All will be well, dearest Eudora. The judge believes you innocent," whispered Malcolm to the prisoner.

"All is in the hands of God," breathed the poor, pale girl, in a dying voice, for her very life seemed ebbing away under the high pressure of this terrible trial.

In other parts of the crowded court-room the charge of the judge was not quite so highly approved.

"Ah! Oh! Umph! The most one-sided charge I ever heard in all the days of my life," exclaimed Sir Ira Brunton, indignantly, wiping his flushed forehead as if he himself had just made a long speech. "It actually forestalls the verdict of the jury; it positively amounts to an acquittal. It is the most unjust, barefaced, abominable abuse of office I ever knew in my life. The man is unfit to sit upon the bench. He should be impeached. He must be getting into his dotage."

"Lor! Do you think so? Why I thought it was an excellent discourse—as good as a sermon. And as for being in his dotage, why how you do talk, boy. He is younger than you," said old Mrs. Stilton.

"God bless Lord Elverton," exclaimed Annella, fervently; "and when he himself shall appear at the last judgment-bar, may God judge him as mercifully as he has judged that poor girl."

"You know nothing of the matter, miss!" exclaimed the admiral, angrily. "But hush! I do believe the jury are coming in. What a little time they have taken. But oh, of course their going out was only a form, since the charge of the judge was tantamount to an instruction to bring in a verdict of acquittal."

The jury, marshalled by the bailiffs, were already in court. All eyes were immediately turned in eager anxiety towards them, to read, if possible, in their expression the nature of the verdict they were about to render.

The faces of those twelve men were pale, stern, and downcast. It seemed ominous to the prisoner, and every eye was instantly directed towards her to observe the effect of all this upon her manner.

Eudora, no longer conscious of the hundreds of eyes fixed upon her, had half risen from her seat, thrown her vail quite back, and bent her white face towards the jury, in an agony of suspense terrible to behold. The hand which, in rising, she had rested upon the side of the dock, was firmly grasped by Malcolm, who stood with his eyes fixed upon the face of the foreman in fierce anxiety. There was a breathless pause. And then the clerk of the arraigns arose, and demanded of the foreman of the jury whether they had agreed upon their verdict.

The foreman, a tall, fair, sensitive-looking man, hesitated for a moment, and his voice faltered as he replied:

"We have."

The order given to the prisoner and the jury to confront each other was quite superfluous as regarded Eudora, who had never taken her wild, affrighted gaze for an instant from the faces of those who held her fate in their hands.

But to those twelve men who had young sisters, wives, or daughters of their own, it was a severe ordeal to gaze upon the white, agonized face of that poor child whose doom they were about to pronounce.

The momentous question was then put by the clerk:

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty of the crime for which she has been indicted?"

"GUILTY."

A low, wailing cry, like the last quivering note of a broken harp-string, burst from the pale lips of the prisoner, as she fell back in her seat and covered her face with her hands.

Malcolm, with a groan that seemed to burst his heart, leaned towards her in helpless, speechless anguish.

The low sound of sobbing was heard throughout the hall among the women present.

All wished to end the torture of this scene.

At a sign from the judge, the crier called out for silence, and the clerk ordered the prisoner to stand up and receive the sentence of the court.

Eudora attempted to rise, but her limbs failed, and she sank powerless back into her seat.

"Help her—lift her up," said an officer to the female turnkey that sat beside Eudora.

"Try to stand, my poor, poor child," said the good woman, putting her arms around the waist of the wretched girl, and raising her to her feet, where she stood leaning for support against the shoulder of Mrs. Barton.

And then amid the awful stillness of the hall, the venerable chief baron arose to pronounce the doom of death. His fine face, usually so pale and woe-worn, was now convulsed with an anguish even greater than the terrible occasion seemed to warrant. He appeared to be incapable of uttering more than the few frightful words that doomed the body of that poor, shrinking, fainting girl to "hang by the neck until she should be dead," and commended her soul to the mercy of that Being who alone could help her in this her utmost extremity.

Everyone looked to see how that young, delicate, sensitive creature would bear this cruel sentence. Ah! Eudora had not heard one syllable of all those awful words. The utter fainting of her heart, the sudden failing of her senses, the swift ebbing away of all her life-forces, saved her from that last torture.

And when the order was given that the prisoner should be removed from the court the weeping woman who supported her, answered:

"My lord, she has fainted."

And in this state of insensibility, Eudora was conveyed from the court to the prison, and laid upon the iron bedstead of the condemned cell.

As the lord chief baron was leaving the court-house that night, a dark-robed woman plucked at his cloak.

"You have this day condemned an innocent girl to death!" hissed the stranger, close to his ear.

"I believe it," groaned Lord Elverton.

"It is another consequence of——"

"I know—I know!" interrupted his lordship.

"Nor will it be the last result——"

"Woman! demon! say no more! The end of these things is not here!" cried the chief baron, hastily escaping into his carriage, which immediately drove off to the Leaton Arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

LAZARO RIBERA,

THE ROBBER CHIEF OF SAN JUAN.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

In one of those charming, green vallleys which abound among the Mexican sierras, and a few leagues from Real del Monte, lies the quiet little village of San Juan de Dios, whose gardens are watered by the crystal current of the Regla soon after it precipitates itself in leaping cascades down the mountain side.

I had heard so much of the beauty of this valley, and the far-famed cascade of the Regla, that, having the leisure, I determined to pay it a visit. For this purpose I engaged the services of my old guide, José Maria, and started from my quarters in Jalapa.

José had married his pretty little wife in San Juan, and of course was familiar with the history and gossip of the place; and being withal a very intelligent fellow, his anecdotes and stories served very materially to shorten the long mule path that led over the mountains to the valley to which we were bound.

Among José's narratives was one which made a deep impression upon me—an account of the cold blooded and unnatural tragedy connected with it. Said he:

"You know, Señor, the great *camina real*, or the National Road, as it is now called, leading from Vera Cruz to the capital has long been resorted to by ladrones, who, having their hiding-places among the sierras, command the passes, and levy contributions from all unfortunate travellers who chance to fall into their merciless hands; and so numerous have they sometimes become, that, being more than a match for the patrols, they have had entire and undisputed possession of the roads for months at a time, thus cutting off communication between the gulf shore and the capital, so that not even the *correo de posta* (mail) was permitted to pass without paying largely for the privilege.

"Now-a-days, Señor, any common pickpocket, or broken-down gambler, who has sufficient courage, may become a *bandelero*. But there was a time when these knights of the road were more select in their comrades; and none would be admitted to their ranks but such as could boast at least of murder; and the greater the criminal the more sure would he be of promotion.

"Some twenty-five years ago the most notorious of these robbers was one Lazaro Ribera, a native of San Juan de Dios, who rose to the position of *capitan* by one of the most terrible crimes that can be imagined.

"Panchita Diaz, the daughter of the alcalde of San Juan, was the pride of the valley; and in the village fandangos she always led off the dance. Among all the señoritas she was the acknowledged belle, and there were none whose smiles were so much courted as hers. Among the young vaqueros there were many who had sought to win her heart, but Lazaro Ribera, then a prosperous horse-dealer, was the only successful one. His claims being once admitted, his rivals in the affections of the young girl withdrew from the field, and turned their attention to her fair companions.

"One day, during a temporary absence of Ribera at Jalapa, whither he had gone to dispose of some of his stock, there arrived at San Juan a young captain of cavalry, who had been detailed by his colonel to purchase some choice horses of the valley for the officers of his regiment.

"This business would require several days, for it was necessary to examine the animals, and give each a thorough trial, previous to making his purchases.

"To honor the arrival among them of so distinguished a guest, the villagers, as was customary, gave a fandango; at which, as was usual, the pretty Panchita shone as the bright particular star, and won the especial admiration of the dashing officer, who made her his partner in all the amusements of the evening.

"Panchita, who like most village belles was something of a coquette, was pleased with the marked preference of the captain, and admitted him to terms of intimacy, which her brief acquaintance with him, and especially her understanding with her absent lover, would scarcely warrant; and when the fun and jollity of the dance was at its hight, he took her hand and led her from the house to a retired seat, amid the clustering vines of the garden.

"Here, with an arm around her waist, he was pouring into her not unwilling ears his flatteries, when a step was heard approaching them, and before the girl could disengage herself from the embrace of the handsome officer, Lazaro, who had just returned, stood before them.

"For a moment he stood with folded arms and an angry scowl regarding them, and then, without uttering a word, turned upon his heel and walked away. But alarmed by his manner, Panchita, throwing the arm of the captain from her, sprung to her feet, and following her lover would have fallen upon his neck and confessed her folly. The youth, however, with an impatient motion threw her from him, and muttering threats of vengeance against the intruding stranger, would have hurried away. But at this moment the object of his anger came up, and taking the girl's hand begged her to return with him to the fandango.

"This added insult, for such Ribera regarded it, was more than the passionate youth could endure; and snatching his knife from his belt, he turned upon the officer, and before the latter could draw his weapon to defend himself, the blade was buried deep within his heart, and almost without a groan he fell to the ground, expiring.

"A scream from the terrified Panchita, which reached the ears of the dancers, soon drew a crowd to the spot, and the lifeless body of their guest was removed to the house of the alcalde, who immediately dispatched one of the attendants of the murdered man to the post where was stationed his regiment, with the unhappy news.

"In the meantime the lover of Panchita, justly dreading the vengeance of the companions of the young officer, made his escape to the mountains; but not before he had attained an interview with her he so deeply loved, and who had innocently become the cause of this his first crime. All had been explained and forgiven between them, and promising fidelity to each other, they parted.

"Now it so happened, that wandering in the mountains, Lazaro Ribera chanced to come suddenly, one day, upon an encampment of robbers. Taking him for a spy of the police, they were about to put him to death, when he related to them the cause of his appearance among them. They had heard of the death of the cavalry officer, and the manner of it, and sparing the young man, offered to receive him into their band.

"He had become an outlaw by his unpremeditated homicide, and as it would be imprudent for him to return to the valley till the excitement of the affair had subsided, and the friends of the murdered man had given up the search for him, he accepted their offer, and pretending to be delighted with the proposition, was duly initiated among them.

"For several months the young man was employed in menial acts, and never permitted to take part in their robberies, where he might have had an opportunity to prove his hardihood or courage.

"At first this kind of life was extremely repugnant to him, but by degrees he came to look upon it as a matter of course, and before the half year was passed in the society of the bandits, he had become as ruffianly in his sentiments as the most brutal among them, and as if to make up for the apparent want of confidence his leader had before shown in him, he soon rivaled the most blood-thirsty of the band in acts of cruel and fiendish murder.

"Still, with all his newly aroused evil passions, Lazaro Ribera had not forgotten his love for Panchita Diaz; and he had managed to hold many a stolen interview with her in the valley.

"Their meeting place was by the bank of the Regla, near a fountain, where the alcalde's daughter and the other maidens of the village were accustomed to come with their earthen jars for water.

"The girl, regarding her lover only as a temporary refugee from the terrors of the law, and believing him yet innocent of any other crime than the one he had committed in the sudden heat of his jealous passion, had promised to become his wife so soon as he could be restored to her with the approbation of the villagers; and with the hope that with time his offence would come to be overlooked, she waited with trusting heart.

"Ribera had been a twelvemonth among the robbers, when, in an attack upon a *conducta*, the *capitan* or leader of the band was killed; and he, who had established himself among them by his numerous murders, aspired to the leadership.

"He had shown, not only courage, but skill and cunning in his calling as brigand. But as he had rivals for the command, and the state of the times was such that one of strong nerve could only fill the place, the band was extremely cautious whom they elected.

"The ambitious candidate was willing to give the most atrocious pledges, and proposed to give even the most dreadful proof of his strength of nerves. Indeed, any that could be asked of him.

"One of his comrades knowing of his love for the beautiful daughter of the alcalde of San Juan de Dios, proposed that he should return to his native village and murder his betrothed.

"This horrible suggestion was made at the instigation of one of the rivals of Ribera, who, although a monster of cruelty, could not himself have been guilty of so heinous and terrible a crime.

"But the young robber, without evincing the least horror at the unnatural deed, sprang to his feet, and exclaiming—"*I will do it!*" at once departed on his hellish errand.

"He timed his journey so that he would reach the valley just about the hour the village maidens repaired to the fountain for their evening supply of water. He did not yet dare to show himself publicly, but awaited the coming of the young girl in a clump of vines near the spot where she would fill her vase.

"He had been in his hiding place but a few moments, when chatting and laughing in their light heartedness, a company of village girls gathered at the fountain. For some reason Panchita did not accompany them, but in her place had come a young sister.

"Filling their jars, the girls returned by the path they had come, still laughing and singing carelessly as they went, leaving the spot deserted save by a child that yet lingered to dabble in cool jets of the fountain.

"What should he do? He dared not enter the village in search of his betrothed—yet he had resolved to go through the infernal ordeal and consummate the terrible crime.

"Laying aside, therefore, his carbine and pistols, lest they might alarm the child, and singing a cheerful and well-known refrain, he passed out from the covert, and saluted the little villager, whom he recognized as a brother of his mistress. The robber spoke to him kindly, and learned that Panchita was in her father's house. Then taking from his neck the reliquary he had worn since it had been presented to him by his betrothed, he placed it in the boy's hands and bade him run with it to Panchita, and tell her that an old friend awaited her at the "Eye of the Water," and desired to speak with her for a moment.

"Juanito took the beads, and being sworn to secresy, departed on his mission; while the brigand, resuming his weapons, crouched behind the fountain, keeping a sharp look-out lest the boy might betray the secret, or the maiden not come alone.

"But the affectionate girl, who believed him less guilty than report had made him, and really loved him, and was ever waiting to succor him, and perhaps hoping to hear that he was penitent for the past and anxious to return to society, hastened alone to the fountain to meet him! The bells of the village church were tolling the musical chime of Ave Maria as the trusting girl threw herself into the arms of the faithless and unnatural monster, who, while pressing upon her lips his treacherous kiss, stabbed her to the heart through the back! As he laid her gasping upon the ground, he gathered up her dark, glossy ringlets in his grasp, and severing her head from the trunk, bore it away to the haunt of the bandits, who were forced to admit, after such a proof of heartless ferocity, that he was worthy to be their *capitan*.

"Such, Señor, is the story the people of San Juan relate of that noted brigand, who, for a long time, was the terror of the roads between the capitol and the coast. There is near Perote an iron gibbet, in the swinging cage of which still bleaches and rattles in the wind the skeleton of this wretch; and on the banks of the Regla, bedewed by the spray of the old fountain, and on gala days decked with flowers, is pointed out a stone cross erected on the identical spot where the faithful Panchita met her cruel death."

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make ill deeds done. SHAKESPEARE.

We have frequently been struck by an idea that the philosopher and physiognomist might find ample matter for speculation in one of our great banking establishments. The cashiers pondering over their books, making out cross accounts, or puzzling their weary brains to balance them to a simple fraction; then the clerks, generally young, but sedate-looking men, with a conventional air of respectability in their black coats and white neckerchiefs, handling the world's idol—gold; paying and receiving thousands with the same stolid indifference. To look at them, who would imagine that occasionally the yellow metal and light tissue notes would stick to their fingers? that the terrors of discovery haunted the sleepless pillow of, perhaps, more than one of them? or that impracticable schemes for concealing their defalcations are, every instant, suggesting themselves? how they are mentally cursing their folly, when they find, too late, that, practically speaking, a banker's capital never quits the scale—that when carelessness or dishonesty abstracts one simple unit from the mass, the balance is destroyed?

Weeks, months even may elapse before detection fixes on the culprit, but the finger is sure to point, and the iron hand of justice to grasp him at last.

How happy should we be to learn that these brief warning words have startled some thoughtless youth upon the threshold of crime, and caused him to retrace his footsteps! Dissipation is doubly dear when purchased at the price of honesty as well as health. At best, it is but the cup of Circe, from which we drink the future. As he reads them, let him cast it from him, let thoughts of home and mother's love, and if not her love, the recollections of her grave, strengthen his resolution.

Let reformation's pledge his cheek o'ercast,
The self-accusing blush for errors past.

We shall pass over the stereotyped features of the partners, gliding occasionally from their private rooms into the public department, to whisper a few quiet instructions to the cashiers, and ask our readers to observe their customers. Look at the well-to-do City man, buttoned to the chin in a close-fitting coat, his hat drawn with an air of determination over his bushy brows, making his way to the counter; he requires no accommodation, you may vouch for it; wait for an instant, and you will see him hand a bag of sovereigns, a roll of notes, and his pass-book to the cashier, who receives them with a smile. How different the manner of the nervous-looking person whose check is handed to a bald-headed old gentleman seated at one of the back desks—the confidential, hard-working manager, with a small per centage on the profits of the firm—who invites him into his private office, which, after a few minutes' conference, he leaves pale and agitated. Ah! we thought so. The house holds too much of his paper already, and declines further discounts.

Next comes the petty tradesman; most probably his first visit to the bank. He takes his hat off, to the secret amusement of the clerks of the great commercial houses, many of them fast-looking young men, with loud waistcoats and studs, who are waiting impatiently to be attended to, yet give way, with a curious instinctive gallantry, to the pretty, dashing girl who unblushingly presents the check of her aged admirer.

The pale, modest-looking one in black, who comes to draw the trifling balance of her widowed mother's account, they take no notice of.

City men, in City hours, have no time for sympathy. Boldness, dash, a great success, or the superb insolence of beauty may arrest a momentary attention. It flashes, and is passed! In the struggle of business, where all are elbowing, they must elbow, too!

It was in the midst of some such scene as this, that a ragged, haggard, sea-faring man presented himself at the decorously-conducted banking-house in Lombard street, a few hours after the conversation already narrated between the head of the firm and Mr. Harper. From the instant the fellow entered the place, the vigilant eyes of the Bow street officer in plain clothes were fixed upon him, watching his every movement, and one old gentleman, as he thrust a roll of bank notes into the breast pocket of his great coat, regarded him with an air of suspicion and defiance. The man, however, took no notice of him, but elbowed his way to the counter.

"Bank ahoy!" he shouted to the astonished clerks. "I say, youngster—you with the top rigging fresh tarred—is your skipper on board?"

"My what?" demanded the young man so offensively designated.

"Your skipper, Sir Jasper Mansell."

"Sir Jasper is in the bank, I believe," was the reply.

"Then just tell him that Captain Riddle, of the Rattlesnake, who has been shipwrecked, wants to see him; and press all sail, you land-lubber! Do you hear?"

"Sir Jasper is particularly engaged," said the clerk, without betraying the slightest sign of resentment at the insolent familiarity of the speaker.

"And so have I been particularly engaged,' replied the ragged visitor. "Engaged face to face with the storm, the red lightning's flash, the surging billows, and the shattered wreck; with burning hunger, feverish thirst; tossed for weeks upon the sea in an open boat, with no other shelter than the burning sky—the dead my only companions—their eyes glaring upon me more fiercely than the sun at noonday, scorching my brain with their fiery glances. Engaged!" he repeated. "Tell him I bring a message from the grave—the waters of the deep. Engaged! I will see him, or——"

"If you have any business to transact at the bank," observed the Bow street officer, satisfied that the intruder came with no dishonest intentions, "you must do it regularly."

"Regularly! ha, ha, ha!"

"And quietly."

"Quietly! I am starving! ruined! beggared!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed John Ledger raising his eyes for the first time from his desk at the back of the office; "is that really Captain Riddle?"

"All that's left of him," growled the ruffian.

The cashier had been engaged in rather a complicated account, and would have deemed it a dereliction of moral duty had he suffered anything to distract his attention till he had solved the difficulty. Having done so, he found leisure to attend to his visitor.

"And your apprentice?" he added.

Riddle shrugged his shoulders, and pointed significantly with his thumb to the ground.

"Dear me! Well, well! poor boy!" ejaculated the old man. "And so you want to speak with Sir Jasper; he is particularly occupied just now, but I will see what I can do for you."

John Ledger disappeared, and in a few minutes returned, saying the baronet would see him.

The shipwrecked man gave a hearty chuckle.

"Don't laugh in that unpleasant manner, Captain," said his former companion to Lowelstree, nervously; "we never laugh here."

"Except in your sleeves, old Mammon," replied the ruffian, with a broad grin. "Oh!—that's the way, is it?"

He walked towards the door leading to the banker's private office, turned suddenly round as he reached it, and confronting the old gentleman who had buttoned the notes in his breast pocket so suspiciously, squirted the juice from his quid full in his face.

"Stand clear in a head wind," old Nipcheese," he exclaimed, "if you want to shirk the spray; that's a sailor's warning, and much good may it do you."

All but the clerks of the house, and they were too well drilled to move a muscle, indulged in a hearty laugh, in the midst of which the offended customer quitted the bank, foaming with rage, muttering something about the police and the Lord Mayor.

"A very rude person!" observed John Ledger, looking after the captain, and secretly congratulating himself that he had not stood in his way.

Sir Jasper Mansell and Mr. Zachariah Imray were the only persons in the room when Riddle entered it; the former, strange to say, appeared cool and unconcerned, the latter greatly agitated.

"What is this I hear?" said the baronet, glancing at the ragged dress of his visitor. "Shipwrecked? and your crew?"

"All lost."

"*All?*" repeated the banker, in a tone of inquiry. "You may speak freely; this gentleman is perfectly aware that my nephew sailed with you."

"Poor boy! poor boy!" ejaculated the hypocrite, in what was intended for a tone of sympathy. "He would have made a sailor, and no mistake, had he been spared. It would have done your honor's heart good to see him mount aloft. Hadn't a more active hand in my ship. I saw him kneeling by the poop when the waves dashed over the deck and washed him overboard. No doubt he was sayin' his prayers."

Our readers are perfectly aware that every word the speaker uttered was a lie; but having received payment for his crime, he dared not avow the deception he had practised. Harold, he well knew, would be silent, both for his own and his cousin's sake.

"Praying," murmured Mr. Imray to himself, "possibly for his murderers."

"Considering the number of years we have known each other, Sir Jasper," continued the ruffian, "and the faithful service I have rendered you, of course you will use your interest to get me another ship."

"You may rely upon it," answered the banker, at the same time making him a sign to abstain from any further explanation in the presence of a third party.

"All right," said the captain, taking the hint.

The drysalter rose to depart. The intelligence of Harry's death had evidently upset him, and yet it was not grief he felt, but remorse.

"Where are you going?" whispered the baronet.

"To break this distressing news to Harold," replied Zac. "His heart is not seared, like ours. He loved him with a brother's love, and will feel, bitterly feel, his loss. What will he think of *us?*" he added.

"You set great value on the judgment of that boy," observed the baronet, in a tone of bitterness, for he had long viewed with silent jealousy the growing partiality of his wealthy relative for our hero.

"Glad there is one of the family whose good opinion is worth caring for," muttered Mr. Imray. "Do something for this rascal," he added. "Give him money—anything! but, for Heaven's sake, never let me see his face again! The recollection of it will haunt me. I feel sick at heart already."

"You have no cause to do so."

Zachariah shook his head doubtfully.

"Have you forgotten the cause?"

The speaker was startled by the fierce energy with which the old man grasped his arm.

"Thank you," he muttered between his set teeth; "thank you for reminding me of it. I grow weak with age, and sometimes fancy that my heart is becoming human again. Thank you; I have nothing to reproach myself with. He was not *my* sister's son."

"*My half sister's*," replied Sir Jasper, coloring deeply. "The reproof comes with an ill grace from you—the friend for whose sake I have stifled so many feelings, sacrificed so much."

Mr. Imray uttered one of his dry, cynical laughs, and without answering another word, quitted the room.

"Awful rogues, both of you!" thought Captain Riddle, annoyed at not having caught a syllable of their whispered conversation; "but rich ones," he added, "and that's the only difference I can see betwixt us."

"Do not interrupt me," said the banker, who had seated himself and commenced writing; "I am arranging something for your welfare. You may trust to me."

"It is not a cheque," grumbled the shipwrecked man to himself, as he peered over the desk.

"In the first place," resumed the baronet, when he had concluded his letter, "here are fifty pounds for you. Not that I believe for an instant in your tale of destitution and utter ruin. You are too prudent a fellow not to have placed some portion of the money you have earned beyond the reach of chance!"

His visitor could scarcely repress a grin as he clutched the note.

"Get yourself in something like respectable trim, and, when that is done, take the letter I will give you to Messrs. Cobb and Shears, the great ship-owners. They will give you the command of one of their first vessels that sails, and the sooner it sails the better."

"Ah! you have employment for me?"

"Right."

"Another apprentice?"

"Something of that kind."

"Your other nephew, perhaps?" suggested the captain, eagerly, whose brutal nature anticipated the pleasure it would afford him to have our hero at sea, completely at his mercy. He had neither forgotten the escape of Harry, nor the cricket-ball.

He felt the effects of it occasionally still, especially when he attempted to stoop.

"No," replied Sir Jasper, drily. "I have not the slightest idea of parting with Mr. Mansell; he is likely to be too useful to me in the bank. You need not regret it," he added; "you would find Harold a very different person to deal with from Harry Imray."

"I should like to try it," muttered the ruffian, between his set teeth. From the day of his visit to Lowelstree he had conceived a violent hatred against our hero, whose cool contempt and collected manner had stung him, and to whom he rightly attributed the escape of his first victim.

"So it aint an apprentice this time," he observed.

"A female."

Captain Riddle gave a low, significant whistle.

"And what am I to do with her?" he asked.

"Respect her safety as you would your own life," answered the banker; "the girl is poor, and, I believe, respectable. I only require you to keep her out of the way—one voyage will suffice—till my son is married. To whatever port you are chartered, I shall doubtless be enabled to give you letters to an agent, who will materially assist you in the event of any interference on the part of the authorities."

"All right, Sir Jasper," said his visitor. "I suppose the young lady is an heiress?"

"I thought I told you she was poor?"

"Oh, yes; to be sure you did. I forgot that."

"I might add a beggar," continued the baronet. "I have no motive but the one I have given for wishing to remove her from this country. We will not disagree about terms. You have hitherto found me a most liberal paymaster."

"Can't gainsay that, your honor," replied the captain, who, in his own mind, set down the assertion of the girl's poverty as a lie. "She must be a young lady," he thought, and a young lady he was determined to find her.

"And where am I to see her?" he demanded aloud.

"When you have procured your ship I will arrange it," replied the baronet. "The manner of getting her on board I must leave to yourself."

"I think you may trust me for that," observed the ruffian, with a cynical smile.

Mr. Imray sought Harold in his own room, where he had been engaged during the greater part of the day in copying important private letters for his uncle. With far more delicacy and tact than the world would have given the old man credit for, he informed him of the loss of the Rattlesnake, and the arrival of Captain Riddle.

"The crew?" exclaimed our hero, greatly excited.

"Perished—all perished!" replied Zac, solemnly.

Harold threw himself upon his knees, not, as his visitor supposed, in an agony of grief—our readers are aware he had no cause for such a feeling—but in grateful thankfulness for the escape of his cousin Harry from a fearful death.

"Father," he murmured to himself, "I have done my duty, but not mine the praise! Those in Heaven who love him, as well as his friends on earth, have been watching over him."

"I cannot bid you restrain your tears," observed the drysalter. "It is natural to mourn for those we love. The lesson of life, from the cradle to the grave, teaches us no other. Still you have one consolation," he added. "Your cousin died young—his heart uncorrupted by the world—sinless, as far as humanity can be so. You have nothing to reproach yourself with. Poor boy! Even I pity him."

"And why should you not pity him?" demanded Harold Mansell, almost fiercely. "He never injured you!"

"Never!" repeated Mr. Imray.

"And yet you arranged his being sent to sea—or, if not arranged, approved, for my prudent uncle acts but by your advice."

"Not always!"

"At least in this instance," added Harold. "I cannot comprehend it, for your heart is not naturally cruel. You consented to his being placed at the mercy of that fearful man, at the sight of whose hard features mercy might vail her face and cease to plead."

Mr. Imray passed his long, bony fingers through his thin gray hair, and his head sank gradually upon his breast.

Our hero eyed him narrowly; perhaps he wished to sound him further.

"You must—I am sure you must regret what you have done."

"No!" answered the old man, with a vehemence that startled him. "I behold the hand of Providence in his death, and Providence is just."

"What if Providence should have saved him?"

The look with which Zac replied to the suggestion had something in it so fearful that the speaker regretted he had made it.

"Leave me, sir!" he exclaimed; "pray leave me. I have many reasons for being grateful to you, but cannot act the hypocrite."

"You despise me, Harold Mansell!" muttered the drysalter.

"I cannot analyze my feelings at such a moment. Pray leave me. One thing, at least, is certain, that I pity you."

His visitor caught up his hat, and silently quitted the room, to the intense relief of our hero, who felt, more than ever, the necessity of keeping the existence of his cousin Harry a secret, both from the banker and his wealthy relative.

"What can be the motive of their unnatural hate?" he repeatedly asked himself. "Pride? No. It might operate with Sir Jasper, but not with Mr. Imray; he sneers at its vain distinctions. Father," he added, "dear father, may thy blessed spirit be permitted to watch over the safety of the poor helpless boy thy dying words committed as a brother to my love!"

Never, in the whole course of his life, had Harold felt so impatient to behold his cousin, to grasp him by the hand, press him to his heart, assure himself by the evidence of his senses that he was in safety. He made one or two vain efforts to continue his employment of copying letters, but the desire could not be repressed.

Ringing for the porter, he sealed up the unfinished correspondence, and sent it to his uncle, who scowled angrily when he received it.

"Not yet," he muttered; "I have still a use for him."

Before the bank closed, Sir Jasper received a note from Messrs. Cobb and Shears, the great shipowners, informing him that in compliance with his recommendation—they might have said order—they had appointed Captain Riddle to the command of their brig, the Amazon, bound to Leghorn. The vessel was to sail in four days.

The man of dark plots and evil passions smiled as he perused the note, which he threw carelessly upon the table near the window.

"Gold, gold!" he muttered; "it is earth's master-key. At my bidding one of the richest firms in England appoints a man to the command of lives and property whose name and antecedents are ignored. Gold! it is a glorious thing to possess—possess it safely. This marriage over, and the proofs of the past in my possession, I may defy the malice of Fate. The past!" he repeated, with a shudder, "there is no such word for me; it clings to me, encircles me, and becomes the present."

Sir Jasper Mansell wiped aside the thick drops of perspiration which, during these half-uttered reflections, had gathered on his brow, and threw himself into a chair. Gloomy thoughts came over him; scenes of early days passed as vividly before his mental sight as though they had been photographed upon his brain.

Twice there was a knocking at the door; it passed unheeded.

The third time it was so loudly repeated that the banker started from his reverie, and exclaimed, in an angry voice:

"Come in!"

Mr. Imray made his appearance.

"Returned!" ejaculated the banker.

"I do not frequently trouble you with my visits," observed the old man.

His relative repeated the word "trouble" in a tone intended to deprecate the possibility of such a thing.

"A truce to compliments," continued his visitor. "I know their exact value, can weigh them to a hair; dislike, abhor them, as the coin of insincerity; came not to listen to them, but to speak with you upon a serious subject. The loss of this boy, that Harry Imray—the law at least gave him the name, although it was not his father's—has not filled my mind with the contentment I anticipated. The grief of his cousin Harold proves that he had the qualities which attract affection. Were we justified," he added, "in extinguishing the career of youth and hopeful promise?"

"We cannot answer for the elements," observed the baronet, looking very much surprised. "The tempest and the storm obey no man's behest. It is the act of——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Zac. "Why play the hypocrite, and lie to ourselves? His death was as much our act and deed as if we had plunged him with our own hands beneath the surging waters."

"You regret it, then?"

"No; but I regret the sorrow it has occasioned, feel for the heart it has wrung. It is of Harold that I came to speak. I do not like his being here; it is not the school for a mind like his. Have you any motive beyond kindness—regret for the neglect in which his father lived and died—for giving him a situation in the bank?"

"What possible motive but kindness can have influenced me?"

"Words, but not an answer," observed the drysalter.

"No other motive."

"That at least is plain speaking," replied Mr. Imray; "whether truthful or not, your heart must judge. I intend to provide for him," he added, abruptly.

The countenance of Sir Jasper Mansell never once changed at this unexpected announcement, which threatened the downfall of long but secretly cherished hopes.

"I am glad to hear it," said he, in a firm tone.

"Perhaps to give him my name."

"May he bear it worthily," exclaimed the banker. "Your fortune has never been an object of speculation with me. He is my brother's son, and I have much to atone for towards that brother's memory."

"Forgive me," exclaimed Zac, touched by his apparent disinterestedness. "God help us! how the heart and brain become warped with years! I expected to meet opposition, and find approval. It is not a question of fortune; that, as you are well aware, is ample enough to bear dividing. I shall speak with Harold in a few days, when the first passionate burst of grief has subsided."

The baronet silently extended his had to him.

"Thank you," said the old man, grasping it, "you are better than I gave you credit for."

As the door closed after the speaker, Sir Jasper scowled bitterly.

"Another tangled web," he muttered. "I begin to tire of unravelling them."

An hour after the banking house was closed, the window of the private office was gently raised from the outside, and a long bony arm thrust through the iron bars.

It belonged to Mark Chambers.

After repeated efforts, he clutched the note from Messrs. Cobb and Shears, which the baronet had carelessly thrown aside, and disappeared with it.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
  With a marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
  As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
  With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone—
  He had caught the angel vision.
DOEAN.

When our hero entered the studio of Harry he started back, uttering an exclamation of mingled delight and astonishment. The grateful boy had long since divined the feelings of his cousin towards Bianca, and secretly procured a block of marble for her bust, intending to surprise Harold with it on his birthday. For weeks it had been a work of love with him; beneath his gifted hand the features of the fair Italian had started, not into form merely, but into expression, the highest, because most intellectual type of beauty.

"Harold!" exclaimed the youthful sculptor, throwing down the chisel with an air of vexation, "you have cruelly disappointed me. I never intended you to see it till it was finished. You are here three hours at least before your usual time. Don't look at it in that way. It is only sketched as yet."

His cousin, whose eyes were fixed upon the bust, could only extend a hand to him.

"I don't know whether I ought to take it," added the boy, at the same time grasping it most affectionately.

"Bianca to conceal it from me!" murmured our hero.

"Bianca knows nothing about it," replied Harry.

"Is it possible you have produced it from memory only."

"Not quite," answered his cousin, who, seeing how intensely the speaker was delighted with his skill, had almost got over his vexation. "There was the desire of pleasing you; I intended it for your birthday—worked at it night and day in secret, hoping to surprise you with it. Now the charm is gone. And yet I am not angry with you," he added, perceiving that the eyes of Harold were filled with tears.

"And this is the being," mentally ejaculated our hero, "they would have consigned to a coarse, brutal taskmaster, and the hard drudgery of a sailor's life—the genius whose light they would have extinguished. Poor boy! poor boy! not even in thought has he ever wronged them."

A shudder ran through his frame at the recollection of the wreck, and he pressed his adopted brother closely to his manly breast.

"What is the matter, Harold?" demanded the astonished youth. "Surely I have not offended you."

"Never, from the hour my dear father brought you an infant to Lowelstree, placed you in my arms, and told me that I must love you," replied the young man. "You must think my conduct strange, but I could not rest till I beheld you, satisfied myself by the evidences of my senses of your safety."

"Safety!" repeated his cousin.

"Captain Riddle has returned to London."

The features of the young sculptor became pale.

"The ruffian has been shipwrecked, and is the only one saved from a crew of better men," continued our hero. "Most likely it will not be long before he sails again. *His friends*"—and the speaker laid a bitter emphasis upon the word "friends"—"will be sure to find him a vessel. You must keep close, Harry. Promise me not to leave the house till he is gone, unless with me or Tom."

"And I to *pretend* to be angry with you, when it was your affection and anxiety for me that led you to discover my secret?" said the grateful boy. "I am a sad burden to you," he added, mournfully.

"Burden!" repeated Harold. "You are my brother! affection's dearest, last legacy to me. Strong as is my love for you, Harry, it is not greater than the pride I feel in you. It is something," he added, "to be allied to genius; to feel that all who share our name and blood are not of vilest clay. Unless you wish to pain me, never, Harry, never use that unkind word again."

Before leaving the house our hero thought it most prudent to inform the landlady of such portion of her lodger's history as, in the event of any attempt being made to obtain possession of his person by Riddle, might put her upon her guard.

Mrs. Page apologized for receiving him in the little back parlor; but the first-floor lodger, Mr. Arnold, had returned quite unexpectedly.

"I always thought it strange," she observed, "that Mr. Islip and yourself did not lodge together; did I not, Hannah?" she added, appealing to the maid-of-all-work, who, as a matter of necessity, was taken into their confidence.

"That you did, missis; but, then, you think so many things strange. If I don't 'appen to recollect who rings the *airy* bell of an evening——"

"Silence!" interrupted her mistress; "you know it is either the postman or the butcher's boy."

"You may rely upon my taking every precaution," she continued, turning to Harold. "Such a sweet young gentleman! Only to think of his having enemies; but I need not wonder at it, if I have mine."

Harold smiled. He did not perceive the connection of ideas.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed.

"It's worse than possible, it's true, Mr. Mansell," replied the landlady. "That villain, Slime, to whom I have paid ground-rent for the last twenty years pretends that he has discovered a flaw in the title-deeds to my house. I know who set him on, but he won't frighten me. I have risked ten pounds already."

"In law?"

"No, in an advertisement for the nurse of Clara Cleret. Only let me find her!"

"If my advice, or Tom's"—suggested the young man.

"No, no!" interrupted Mrs. Page; "I am determined to keep the management of the affair in my own hands."

Her visitor took his leave. As Hannah opened the door for him he repeated his caution respecting his cousin.

"We has no *male gentlemen* a-callin' here except the postman and the butcher," answered the maid-of-all-work.

"And they generally call at the area," observed Harold, laughingly.

"Well, what an' if they does?"

"Nothing. All very natural that a pretty girl should have plenty of admirers."

The "*pretty girl*" quite won the heart of Hannah.

"You are sure you have no one else?" added the speaker, archly.

"Only when the first floor is at home," was the reply; "but you needn't fear any o' his visitors. Our first floor has been in the house these seven year."

"I should have thought longer," said Harold, "from the appearance of it."

"Why, I never thought he'd a seed him," muttered the girl, as she closed the door. "Mr. Arnold ain't been more nor three day."

A proof that, however quick the intelligence of Hannah might be, readiness to appreciate a joke was not one of her peculiarities.

At the time we first invited our readers to follow us to the lodging house in Princess street, we mentioned that the first floor had been occupied for several years by a Mr. Arnold, a very quiet, soft-spoken gentleman, who had won the good opinion of Mrs. Page by the regularity of his payments, and frequent absence from home. In fact, he so rarely occupied the rooms, that she almost retained the use of them, and had occasionally let them for a few days.

There was one peculiarity connected with her lodger which the landlady had not failed to notice. During his absence no visitors ever called; but, on the very day of his return—frequently within an hour afterward—they invariably came, and always one at a time. Had the monetary arrangements been less satisfactory, she might have imagined something wrong; but it was impossible to suspect so punctual a lodger.

As for the maid-of-all-work, she swore by him, would have quarrelled with the postman, and almost with the butcher's young man, had either of them hinted a doubt of Mr. Arnold's being anything but a gentleman. "Hadn't she that beautiful yellow shawl and plum-colored gownd he had given her to prove it?"

The following day passed without anything occurring to excite the suspicions of Hannah, who had just cleared away the first floor's tea things, when a loud knocking was heard at the door.

"Shan't flurry myself," muttered the tired girl; "it aint Mr. Harold nor his friend. They are up stairs with Mr. Islip and the young ladies."

The knocking was repeated.

"Isn't yer in a hurry, now?" she exclaimed. "Oh, them stairs! I do wish the kitchen wor on the ground floor; I knows somebody whose legs it would save. But missises ain't no consideration for servants now-a-days!"

The knocker had fallen a third time, still more impatiently, as Hannah opened the door.

"Does Mr. Arnold reside here?" demanded a tall, seafaring-looking man, with a profusion of dark hair about the lower part of his face.

"Yes, sir."

"Is he alone?"

"Just tea'd."

"Show me up stairs to him."

"Been here afore, sir," observed the maid-of-all-work, "and knows as Mr. Arnold is our first floor; don't recollect yer—*praps* I shall when I sees yer face."

"Do you recollect the faces of all his visitors?"

"Most on e'm gives me something," replied Hannah; "*never forgets them.*"

"I suppose not."

Mrs. Page, like most lodging-house keepers, was as economical as possible in her domestic arrangements; there was no waste of lamps or candles in her establishment—a solitary rush-light stood sentinel upon the stairs, rendering, as Milton says, "grim darkness visible." And the consequence was that the maid-of-all-work had not seen the features of the visitor who followed her.

The "A gentleman to see you, sir," had scarcely passed her lips, when she turned round and stared him full in the face.

"What's the red-haired mermaid gaping at?" demanded the stranger, roughly.

"Nothink, sir, only! Good gracious! red-haired, indeed! I wonder where he was when beauty was dealt out. Red-haired, indeed!"

"Leave us, Hannah," said Mr. Arnold, mildly.

"Certainly, sir; I knows when a gentleman, a real gentleman, speaks to me."

With this—intended, doubtless, for a very pointed observation—the offended maid-of-all-work flounced out of the room, but not till she had taken another good stare at the free-spoken visitor.

"Seen him afore," she muttered, as she descended the stairs; "seen him offen. Can't remember his woice. Praps he's got a cold," she added.

Pouring herself out a cup of tea—there was an excellent one left in the first floor's teapot—Hannah seated herself by the kitchen fire to meditate.

Several times she shook her head, exclaiming, "No, it can't be that."

No sooner were the first floor lodger and his visitor alone, than the former deliberately locked the door of the drawing-room, and then resumed his seat.

"I see you are a man of precaution," observed the seafaring-looking man.

"It is the mother of safety," replied Mr. Arnold. "During the number of years I have carried on my dangerous trade, I have never neglected a single precaution. What is it you require?"

"Three or four hundred pounds in notes on the Bank of Lombardy."

"I have them not by me."

"Can't you trust me?" demanded his visitor. "We have had many transactions together."

"I can trust you," said Mr. Arnold; "and for the simple reason that we could hang each other. But I repeat it, I have them not by me."

"How soon can you strike them off?"

"In two days."

"And what will be the charge?"

"Fifty pounds for two hundred.

"The last ones I bought of you were a dead loss—Davy Jones discounted them—they all lie at the bottom of the sea with the wreck of my ship. You ought to make some allowance."

"Not a shilling!" answered the forger, for such was the dangerous occupation he for many years had followed, not only undetected, but unsuspected, thanks to his numerous precautions, and his forging only the notes of foreign banks. He had been an historical engraver, but, failing in his business, had perverted his skill, not only to one of the most dangerous but worst of purposes. His dealings were chiefly with the captains of vessels and seafaring men, whom he supplied with the cleverly-imitated bank notes of the countries they were about to visit; and so celebrated had he become, that enormous profits, up to fifty per cent., had been offered him for notes of the Bank of England.

Mr. Arnold, however, had long since secured himself a competency by his nefarious trade, and was not to be tempted to try that. The life of the convicted forger in those days was never spared, and some of the worshippers of the good old days of George III.—we believe there are a few still left—question whether it ought to be spared now.

"You are hard," said his visitor, "but I suppose I must give you your price. When can I have the flimsies?"

"In three days."

"Here?"

"Yes," replied the first floor lodger, after a moment's hesitation, "you may as well call for them here. Bring the price with you in gold."

"All right," said the stranger.

Mr. Arnold quietly unlocked the drawing-room door, and rang the bell twice before the servant made her appearance.

"Show the gentleman out," he said.

"Yes, sir."

Before the maid-of-all-work quitted the room she took another good stare, to the great annoyance of the strange visitor, who pulled his gold-laced cap closely over his brows.

"That bean't no use," thought Hannah. "Where can I ha' seen him afore? sartin it worn't here!"

The question was answered so suddenly, and in a manner so unexpected, that when it came it very nearly upset the equilibrium of the maid-of-all-work, as well as the supper-tray, which she was in the act of removing from Harry's room, when her eye accidentally caught the rough portrait of a man, hastily sketched by the young artist.

She had seen it at least fifty times before.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "Well, I am stupid not to rekelect; but missis is so wearyin'!"

"What are you staring at?" demanded Harold, laughing.

"Love-struck, eh?" said Tom.

"I want to know the name of that gentleman, for I suppose he is one, or Mr. Islip wouldn't ha' painted his pictur'."

"That," replied our hero, "is Captain Riddle, who was lately shipwrecked."

His cousin, who had never forgotten the features of the ruffian to whom Sir Jasper would have consigned him, had painted it from memory. As a general rule the impressions of terror are more lasting, we regret to say, than those of love.

"It never struck me he wor a captain when I let him out to-night," observed the maid-of-all-work.

"Let who out?" demanded Harry, looking very much frightened.

"The captain, as you call him; he has been to see our first floor."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE "PAULISTAS."

The history of pirates and fillibusteros, who, since the settlement of the western continent, have spread terror and desolation along their tracks, does not show up a more desperate and extensive gang of villains, than during the early part of the seventeenth century had their head-quarters at the town of St. Paul, on the Brazilian coast.

This band of marauders was made up of renegade and outlawed Spanish and Portuguese adventurers, who, from the proceeds of robberies and murders of the most atrocious character, reveled in the most diabolical indulgences. No crimes were too fiendish or revolting for them, and added to piracies along the South American coast and among the islands, they delighted in the kidnapping of the inoffensive natives of the interior. These were sold to the planters of the lower country, or conveyed in their vessels to the West Indies, where they were condemed to the most inhuman, but short-lived bondage.

These scourges of this beautiful land were known by the name of *Paulistas* or *Marmelucos*, and were organized into well-trained and well-armed parties, each under the direction of a chief, selected for his acts of bloodshed and cruelty.

So emboldened did these marauders become by their successes, that, aided by the unprincipled and treacherous Spanish governor of Asuncion, they determined to attack the missions, where thousands of the people had sought the protection of the benevolent priests.

This determination was put into effect, and many of those noble monuments of Christian devotion and philanthrophy were leveled to the ground, and shepherds and flocks murdered, or driven to the shelter of forests.

For a while the fathers, whose policy heretofore had been that of Christian submission to circumstances, and the powers of the ruling governors, after appealing in vain for protection from Assuncion, Buenos Ayres, and Corrientas, resolved to attempt their own defence from further outrages.

For this purpose they sent delegates to the home government, and to the pope, representing their great grievances, and soliciting the permission of the king to place arms at their disposal, to be put into the hands of the Christianized Indians, whenever exigencies might demand their use. This consent, and the requisite arms, were at length obtained.

In the meantime the Paulistas were adding numbers to their bands, from every fresh arrival of adventurers; and never before was offered greater inducements for the perpetration of their villainies than the Portugese revolution presented. A new demand was created for bondmen, and their inhuman conquests promised more pecuniary profits than ever before.

When one takes into consideration the countless tribes that constituted the Guarani family, one is surprised that their mortal enemies should have been permitted to have advanced into their country as far as they did. But "gentleness, meekness, and unwarlike habits were characteristics of their natures." "Yet," says the writer from whom we quote the above words, "a docile spirit may be spurred to despair. Pillaged churches and burning homes would arouse even stagnant blood. Mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, wives and children mercilessly butchered, or bound and carried off to be sold in the market of some distant city, leaves its impress upon Indian minds. To be pursued from place to place, hunted from wood to wood, with the certain prospect of eventual extermination, would make the dullest nature revolt."

With the gunpowder and arms of the Europeans in his hands, the Indian seemed suddenly aware of his strength, and regarded himself a match for his white foeman. The natives now assembled at the few remaining missions that had escaped destruction, and implored to be led against the Paulistas, who, report had informed them, had planned another foray against them.

The fathers were not backward to receive them, and instruct them in such acts of defence and attack as they themselves had obtained only a theoretical knowledge of.

Due notice of the new expedition against the Indians and their friends was received at the mission; and gathering several thousands of the surrounding converts, the fathers prepared to give the pirates a gallant reception. Those of the natives who could not be supplied with fusees, or other firearms, were provided with such weapons as they could find. These were mostly their native bows, slings (*Calasas*), and flint-headed lances.

One day, as the people of the lower mission, on the river Acaray, were assembled at morning mass, the scouts ran in with the intelligence that the boats of the pirates were approaching.

The enemy numbered about a thousand strong, and pulled their boats confidently to the shore, already exulting in an easy victory. But scarcely had the flotilla touched the banks, than they found them covered with Indians, who poured a hot and well-directed fire into them.

The pirates were taken altogether by surprise, and leaping to the shore, attempted to come to close quarters. But the natives, led on by their good friends, and emboldened by the first check they had given to their advance, now received the Paulistas upon their lances, and drove them in confusion to their boats again.

Scarcely had they siezed their oars to make for the opposite shore, than the mission people opened upon them with a small cannon loaded to the muzzle with grapeshot, which sank a number of their peroques, and reddened the current of the river with their blood.

The few that reached the other side were met by another party of priests and Indians, secreted there, and soon the work of death was completed. Scarcely a Paulista survived to carry the story of their signal defeat to their piratical town.

This was the first time these marauders had ever met with a check; and the Indians now finding that the sinews of fight were in them, and still led on by the good fathers, followed up this initiatory success, till finally, driven from the rivers, and San Paulo, their head-quarters, laid in ashes, these fierce bandits were nearly exterminated, or for a long period rendered harmless.

Once more the scales of Fortune turned in favor of the good missionaries; and for a while new mission-houses sprang up in various portions of the Guarani territory.

The natives had learned the power they possessed, and were prepared to defend themselves, and their former protectors. It is difficult to say what might have been the success of the good work, commenced by the priests among them, had it not been for the final and fatal misunderstanding between them and the laymen, which resulted in the total expulsion from the country of these pious and self-sacrificing missionaries of the Cross.

THE LAKE IN THE CRATER.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Quiet and bright the clear lake lies,
  In this exhausted crater's deep;
A mirror for the calm blue skies,
  And innocent birds that round them sweep:
No more the volcan darts its fire—
  Forever dead its fierce desire;
  And now the purest type of love
Holds up a crystal goblet here for Heaven's own symbol dove.

II.

O come, O come thou blessed time
  When in my heart all impure fire
Shall fall, and leave a fitting clime
  For only sacred, calm desire!
What if the flames may leave their trace,
  Yet Purity shall take the place,
  And her pure fountain type the love
That speaks of troubled thoughts at rest and Heaven's own symbol dove.

◆

DEFENCE OF FORT STEPHENSON.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

One of the most brilliant exploits of the war of 1812, was the gallant defence of Fort Stephenson, by Major Croghan, a mere youth of twenty-one, who, with a garrison of only one hundred and sixty regulars and volunteers, held the place against the overwhelming force of thirteen hundred British and Indians, commanded by the experienced General Proctor in person.

This fort, built on the left bank of the Sandusky river, and on the present site of Lower Sandusky, was not a post of any great importance, and was never intended to stand a regular siege of cannon. As an advanced station for military stores and troops quartered in the Indian country, it was of some value to the army of the frontier, and, properly garrisoned by two hundred men, it could withstand the whole Indian force, or any other force not aided by artillery. Like most of the border forts erected in the wilderness, it was simply an area enclosed by stockades, with one bastion, and two block-houses at opposite angles, and with a magazine and several store-houses within the walls. A few days before the attack, Major Croghan, who had been assigned the command of the post, had strengthened it all he could, by digging a ditch six feet deep and nine feet wide around the entire works; but it was the opinion of General Harrison, who with some of his staff came down from Fort Seneca to inspect it, that it was still untenable against heavy artillery; and, on taking his departure, he left the following written orders with the young and gallant commandant:

> "Should the British troops approach you in force with cannon, and you can discover them in time to effect a retreat, you will do so immediately, destroying all the public stores. You must be aware that the attempt to retreat in the face of an Indian force would be vain. Against such a force your garrison would be safe, however great the number."

The British and their Indian allies, respectively under General Proctor and the renowned Tecumseh, were then threatening all the frontier stations along the rivers emptying into Lake Erie, and it was not known on which the first blow would fall; but events proved it to be Fort Meigs, which was invested by an army of five thousand, consisting of British regulars, Canadian militia and Indians; and though the post was defended by only a few hundred Americans, it was not carried, and the enemy finally retired with deep chagrin.

On the 29th of July, 1813, the day following the raising of the siege of Fort Meigs, General Harrison received a dispatch from General Clay, the commandant of that post, announcing this fact; and at the same time he learned from his scouts, that the Indians were abroad in great numbers, and an attack upon either Fort Stephenson or Seneca might be expected at any moment. As his force at Fort Seneca was too small to justify him in sending any number of men to Fort Stephenson, and as it was believed the latter post was too weak to risk a defence, an order was forthwith dispatched to Major Croghan, to immediately abandon and burn the place, with all its military stores, and repair with all possible haste to head-quarters. This order, which should have been delivered the same day, did not reach the Major till about noon of the next; and he then, believing it too late to retreat with safety, called a council of his officers, the majority of whom united with him in the opinion that the place could and should be defended at all hazards. The young commandant then immediately returned the following answer to the commander-in-chief, thinking it more than probable it would never reach him, but fall into the hands of the enemy:

> "SIR! I have just received yours of yesterday, ten o'clock P. M., ordering me to destroy this place and make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and, by heavens, we can!"

This note reached General Harrison the same day, who, not understanding the motives which prompted it, immediately dispatched Colonel Wells, under escort of a corps of dragoons, to supersede the Major, who was ordered to repair to head-quarters. This was done; but an interview between the young officer and his general having set matters all right, he was allowed to return to his command, which he reached just in time to immortalize himself by one of the most brilliant exploits on record.

The following account of this siege and defence, is from one of the gallant defenders of the fort:

"About noon, on the first of July, (says the narrator,) one of the lookouts, stationed at the block-house in the north-eastern angle of the fort, announced the approach of the enemy, which we had been momentarily expecting for the last twenty-four hours; but a more careful inspection showed it to be a reconnoitering party of General Harrison, which had been sent down to the lake shore, to gain early intelligence of the foe, and were now on their return to head-quarters. They soon came up near the fort, and stated that they had seen the gunboats of the British the evening before, heading toward the mouth of the Sandusky, and that we might reasonably expect an attack in the course of the day. I was standing near our youthful commander, and marked the gleam of his eye and the compression of his lips, as he made the reply:

"'Let them come—they will find us prepared to receive them.'

"'You are resolved then, Major, on holding the post?' inquired the leader of the reconnoitering party.

"'Yes, at all hazards—to the very death!'

"'Bravely said, and may the God of battles give you success!' was the rejoinder, as the party moved on.

"After this there was an intense but suppressed excitement among our brave little band, each of whom felt that the awful crisis was near at hand, which must result in victory or death—for the idea of retreat or surrender was not for a moment entertained by any. We kept a close watch on every side; and after a painful suspense of some two or three hours, a body of Indians was espied upon the summit of a hill on the other side of the river. We had only one cannon, a six-pounder, in the fort, and this was speedily brought to bear upon the dusky natives, and its contents sent in among them, by way of a warning salute. Our first shot caused a perceptible movement, and, at the second discharge, they scattered and disappeared.

"'There they go, the howling rascals! and when next I sight them, may the devil claim his own of some of them!' muttered the gunner.

"About half an hour after this, the British gunboats hove in sight, moving steadily up the river. Almost at the same moment, crowds of dusky warriors appeared on all sides of us, at a very respectful distance, and gave vent to their yells of defiance.

"'They are prepared to cut off our retreat,' said Major Croghan; 'but as we never intend to make one, they will probably be disappointed. Captain Hunter, try your skill on the British yonder'.

"Our solitary piece was now sighted at the distant boats, and again the echoes of the wilderness were awakened by its roar.

"'It falls short—a little more elevation. There, that was better, but short still. Once more! Ha! well done, by heavens! Our compliments have reached them, and produced a stir. Now we shall have a reply. Yes, there it comes—one, two, three—look out, boys!'

"As our commander spoke, we beheld three flashes, in quick succession, followed by puffs of smoke and instantly we dropped behind cover. Only one ball struck near us, and that did no damage. Then came the three distinct booming reports, and the encircling Indians raised their hideous yells. We answered with loud cheers of defiance, and every man felt that the contest of victory or death had begun.

"After an exchange of a few more shots, the enemy all the while drawing nearer, he began to land his civilized forces about a mile distant, in plain view. Immediately after, a white flag was displayed, and two men, evidently officers, separating from the others, began to advance toward the fort.

"'They come, as usual, to demand a surrender, and offer us British protection, the treacherous villains!' said Major Croghan, his eye flashing with anger and his proud lip curling with scorn. 'Do they think we have forgotten poor Dudley and the River Raisin? Ensign Shipp, you will take a flag and go out to meet them. Listen to no terms of surrender whatever! Defy them in my name, and all the force they can bring against us! Tell them we have resolved to hold this place, or bury ourselves in its ruins; that if ever they enter here, it will be over the dead body of the last defender!'

"Ensign Shipp went boldly out by the eastern wicket, and we watched the meeting with intense interest. After the first formalities, we could almost guess the language of the different parties by their attitude and gestures—those of the British officers being conciliatory, expostulatory, and then threatening; and Shipp's calm, firm, and at last defiant. As the interview was about to close, an Indian suddenly made his appearance among the party, coming out of a ravine close at hand; and walking up to Shipp, he seized hold of his sword and attempted to wrench it from his grasp. A struggle began, and we all became terribly excited. What few rifles we had were immediately brought to bear upon the British officers, and another moment might have sealed their fate, had not one of them seized hold of the Indian, hurled him back, and held him in check with a pointed pistol, while the ensign hurried toward the fort. As soon as he had passed the wicket, the officer carrying the flag waved it as a parting salute, and then both hastened back to the main body.

"A fire now opened from a howitzer, which the British had landed, and from three six-pounders aboard the boats. This was continued, with little intermission, all through the following night. We replied to them a few times, and then moved our single gun about to different points, and discharged it a few times more, in order to induce the belief that we were well supplied with cannon. After this it was finally removed to the northern bastion, and placed in a position to rake the ditch, in the event of the enemy storming on that side. The utmost vigilance on our part was kept up through the night, during which nothing of importance occurred, the fire of the enemy proving totally ineffectual.

"Early on the morning of the second, we were saluted from a battery of six-pounders, which the enemy, under cover of darkness, had planted in the edge of some woods, distant about two hundred and fifty yards; and also from the howitzer, which had been somewhat advanced from its position of the night before; but as he was doing no execution of consequence, we contented ourselves with letting him waste his amunition, while we strengthened our pickets with bags of sand and flour.

"Thus matters continued through the day, till about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy, by suddenly concentrating his whole fire upon the north-western angle, led us to believe the crisis was at hand, and that he would soon attempt to carry that point by storm. Our cannon was now loaded with a half charge of powder and a double charge of grape and slugs, and the men were all drawn up in a line, prepared to give the assailants a warm reception. The smoke from the battery and howitzer now rolled down towards us in such a dense volume as to entirely conceal the movements of the foe; but not long after, a column of two hundred grenadiers was discovered making a detour toward the main gate on the south. This our youthful commander correctly judged to be a feint; and while disposing his force so as to repel assault from every side, he kept the principal portion concealed at the north-western angle. His military judgment was not at fault; for presently a hundred foes were dimly seen through the rolling smoke, at a distance of scarcely more than twenty paces, rapidly advancing to the attack. The command to fire was instantly followed by a terrible volley of musketry, which cut down numbers, and threw the front rank into confusion. The leader of the foe, one Colonel Short, by great personal exertion, quickly rallied his men, and with a bravery worthy of a better man, led them to the brink of the ditch. We saw him halt for a moment, and, with a flashing eye, eagerly scan our works for the weakest point. Then waving his sword above his head, he shouted in a stentorian voice, that rung out fearfully above the groans of the wounded and dying, in the otherwise death-like silence:

"'Come on, my brave fellows! follow me, and give the d——d Yankees no quarter!'

"He leaped into the ditch as he spoke, and his excited men, with a wild cheer, rushed in after him, till the very trench was full.

"'Now then, Sergeant Weaver!' rang out the clarion voice of Major Croghan.

"Instantly the ground shook under the roar of our cannon. A momentary silence followed, and the air was rent with shrieks and groans. The smoke rose, and a horrid sight met our view. A mangled, bloody and heaving mass was before us, in place of the active body of human life that almost in the same breath had been swearing vengeance against us. The bodies of more than fifty human beings were there piled together, and more than half of these were dead. The merciless leader, who had just shouted to give us no quarter, was already in eternity. There was another rally of the already disheartened foe, another fearful roll of our small arms, another belching forth of death from our fatal canon, and the contest was over, the victory was ours, and the terror stricken enemy—officers and men, whites and Indians—was flying to the woods for safety.

"During the night which followed, we gave what aid we could to our wounded foes. As the artillery of the enemy still kept up their fire, probably to cover their retreat, we dared not venture forth to succor the poor fellows, whose cries and groans filled our hearts with compassion; but we passed water and provisions over the pickets, and dug a hole under them, through which a few crawled into the fort, and were cared for with our own wounded. In the morning the British were gone, their dusky allies had retired, and we were masters of the field. Their loss in killed and wounded, was near two hundred; our own, one killed and seven wounded. It was a glorious victory, and every man who participated in the gallant defence of Fort Stephenson had reason to be proud of the achievement."

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NOTES FROM MY MEMORANDUM BOOK.

To judge of a city or town, from a railroad or steamboat-pier point of view, is, I know, most absurd. In all my transits through Albany, all I have known of it has been that execrable piece of pavement between the steamboat-landing and the hotel where one breakfasts. I have come to regard it, consequently, as only the entry to Niagara. My fellow-travellers have always averred that "Albany is a beautiful place *when you get at it.*" I never knew the full meaning of *getting at it*, until a few weeks since, when, having an extra hour or two on hand, after a six o'clock breakfast, before resuming my journey, I undertook, with a friend, to investigate Albany. Having been to Chicago, I considered myself well qualified to understand the ups and downs of cities; but alas! this experience availed me nothing in mounting the streets of "excelsior" Albany that warm morning. My verdict, short and insignificant as it is, I here record: I would not live there for the gift of a house. As to "shaking off the dust of my feet against it," I hadn't a chance; for every block had half a dozen housemaids, who each leveled a bucket of water at my boots, at that early hour, preparatory to a zealous Saturday morning scrub of the pavements, that would have done honor to Philadelphia. Strolling back to the hotel, after a vain attempt to tiptoe through these young floods, I noticed a very peculiar kind of masculine shoe, which the shop-boy had just located conspicuously outside of the store. What is that shoe for? I asked. "To wear," replied Crispin, with Eden-like simplicity. "I guessed as much," said I, laughing; "but a New York merchant, by virtue of those extra pegs in the sole, would have labelled it 'Army Shoe,' 'or Seventh Regiment Shoe,' or any other innocent fib, to make it sell." I left him scratching his head at the brilliancy of the idea, which he may be doing yet for aught I know. After leaving Albany, I was sitting in the cars, after a hot, dusty day of travel, in that used-up condition of body and mind consequent upon the same, feebly wondering why I was such an idiot as to leave a comfortable, cool, clean home, and the thousand and one comforts only to be found there, when I was attracted by a little, blue-eyed girl, who had been for some moments amusing herself by running up and down in the passage way between the seats. With a bright red apple I lured her to a place on my lap; and while I pushed back her hair, to get a better look at her sweet face, I asked the question idle people always ask of children, "What is your name, my dear?" "Fanny Fern," lisped the fairy! Here was an astonisher! Of course I gave her all I had in my bag, and a few kisses beside, as she slid down upon her feet to join her mother, who had not the slightest idea that her child's name and mine were the same; nor did I enlighten her.

What a mission has that country girl, who is employed as waitress at one of those heterogeneous feeding-places, incident to railroads, where you have "fifteen minutes for refreshments," ten of which are allowed to pass by the economical landlord—too sure of his fee—before he comes forward to receive your orders. These, at last, taken, the aforesaid waitress stands, empty plate in hand, behind your chair, taking a mental pattern of your city-fashioned sleeve, or bodice, while your chair is being gradually cushioned with nettles at the probable "all aboard" of the conductor, before the rustic maiden's curiosity shall have been sufficiently satisfied, to set before you the beefsteak or cup of tea, which you feebly hoped might come between you and your tombstone. Small consolation when it arrives, simultaneously with the "all aboard," to hear the damsel coolly remark to a sister comrade, "that her next dress shall have sleeves cut just like *that are!*"

FANNY FERN.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

ADVENTURER.—We are not acquainted with the details of the spy service. You will have to apply at the head-quarters of the army. We know, however, that all governments pay liberally for information of an enemy's movements. In the darkest days of the revolutionary war, when the army had neither money, nor shoes, nor proper food, Gen. Washington always kept on hand a few hundred guineas in gold to pay for "secret service." There are times in every well-contested campaign when a government could well afford to pay a million dollars for twelve hours notice of an important movement of the enemy, or for an inkling of his general plan. For example: the government of the United States would have bought a chart of the batteries at Bull Run cheap at a million dollars. If, therefore, you possess the requisite qualifications, you may count upon being very welcome at head-quarters.

E.—Your case is only one of ten thousand. Indeed, there are probably more than ten thousand discharged clerks now in the United States, who think they have not the bodily strength to become efficient soldiers. Perhaps you are mistaken in supposing that you cannot support the fatigues of military life. For the first month the duty of recruits is not very severe, and often they improve in strength so much as to astonish themselves. For such as you, but one honorable path is now open, and that path leads to the Camp of Instruction.

E.—As about one in ten of all the ladies who now write to us adopts the signature of "EUDORA," we have to abridge it, as in your case, or select some other suggested by the letter of the correspondent, and which she will recognize. In answer to your question, we say that the light emitted by the firefly comes from a round, glossy, yellowish, luminous spot on each side of the thorax, and from other parts of the body. *Why* these spots emit light, we cannot say.

COLUMBUS.—Treason is defined in the Constitution of the United States to be "levying war against them or adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." Now, if writing letters to Gen. Beauregard, communicating important information for the guidance of his military conduct, be not "giving aid to an enemy," what can be? The persons named by you are traitors, beyond question.

A GRADUATE.—A lady who, while she was engaged to another man, would fall in love with you, and admit it, while her engagement still remained, would serve you the same trick, if she felt like it, even should you become engaged to her. A fickle person can never, under any circumstances, be depended upon.

WARREN.—You should *not* "return the bow of a respectable gentleman in the street, with whom you are not acquainted." No *respectable* gentlemen bow to "ladies" under such circumstances.

D. C. P.—Ask your offended friend, whose cold conduct so much puzzles you, what the cause of his offence is, and demand a full and free explanation of his behavior.

E. R.—Which is the oldest and most excellent of the fine arts? asks this correspondent. Our knowledge of antiquity is too limited to enable us to answer with positiveness the inquiry as to which is the oldest of the fine arts. One thing is pretty certain, however: the first of the fine arts to be brought to a high degree of excellence was architecture. This art has not been advanced since the days of old Greece, and the probability is that, as a branch of the fine arts, it never will be. It is scarcely possible to conceive of a building more faultlessly beautiful than the Parthenon at Athens. Modern improvements in architecture all tend to utilize the beautiful or beautify the useful; so that architecture, as practised among us, is no longer a branch of pure art. To the second part of our correspondent's inquiry, we make this reply: In our opinion, the most excellent of the fine arts now practised in the world is the art of depicting human life by means of fiction. The writing of a great romance is, in this generation, the highest achievement of art! The art which is most excellent at one period is not necessarily the most excellent at every or any other. We may say that the art which is most excellent for any particular time is the one which most attracts and best rewards the men of genius who are then living; and the art which does this at this time is undoubtedly the one we have named.

JOSEPHUS.—It is true, as you say, that a man may have certain *absolute* rights, but he has few, if any, such rights in society. When people form a government, either state or national, they throw their absolute rights as human beings into the common stock, and endeavor to frame a constitution or form of government which shall in the best manner harmonise these absolute personal rights into a system wherein each has to surrender a portion of such rights, in order that he may be *protected* in the enjoyment of the largest measure of liberty which the government can permit to individuals. After the constitution has been once framed and *adopted by the people*, then every man's rights are limited by it; he has no longer any rights except such as he has under that instrument; and because of his surrender of his absolute rights, and for other reasons, the government is bound to protect him in the full enjoyment of all those common rights agreed upon in the constitution. Having embarked in the government ship, he must go as and where it goes, and obey the rules and regulations while he is on board, and can not be allowed to shape his course at will, regardless of the higher rights of vessel and crew.

BRAZIL.—The principal reason why South America increases so slowly in population, and is so far behind North America in every respect, is, that nature in that country is too powerful for man. Immense regions are wholly uninhabitable. The great plains, for example, during several months of the year, are as dry as a desert, and have not a single tree or shrub for hundreds of miles; while the forests are so dense and luxuriant as to bid defiance to the woodman's ax. The rivers, too, are so wide and deep, that they cannot be navigated with the ease and economy necessary to invite settlers. The time will probably come when these difficulties will be overcome, and man will show himself superior to the forces of nature. But this will not be until the race is in pressing need of elbow room, and emigration is conducted on a grand scale, by the union of numbers, machinery and capital. A thousand years hence, South America may be the most populous and productive part of the earth. At present, man is there in the minority, and tyrant Nature has it all her own way.

EARNEST.—When a German has learned enough of the English language to converse in it with tolerable ease and correctness, how shall he proceed in order to complete his knowledge of it? There is but one way in which to acquire a critical knowledge of any language, and that is by writing it. We would advise you to compose an essay or letter in the English language, say once a week, and have it rigidly corrected by a good English scholar. All the corrections you should carefully consider until you understand why they were made. Another useful exercise is the following: Get a friend who knows our language well to hear you tell a story or relate the history of a day, in English, and to stop you whenever you use a false idiom or an incorrect expression. This last exercise is very amusing and exceedingly useful. We have seen it tried with the happiest effect.

L. P. asks, "Ought I to correspond with one gentleman, while another visits me very often?" We have often said that we do not approve of young ladies corresponding with young gentlemen, unless they are actually engaged, or are near relatives. As to the remainder of the question, we do not consider that any gentleman has a right to monopolize the exclusive attention of any lady, until he has asked leave to do so, by an offer of marriage. Any girl who permits it, is very foolish; of course there are plenty of selfish young men, who will go on this way, for months and years, "without meaning anything," as they term it.

Y. K.—You made an engagement with the lady you like, to wait upon her to a public performance. You were behind your time; when you got there the lady had gone with another gentleman. This has made trouble between you two, who really love one another. All we have to say is, if you *really* love one another, you will each wish to seek an explanation. You did wrong to keep the lady waiting; and, as yours was the first offence, so from you should come the first acknowledgement. Bear in mind that a *gentleman* never waits for a lady to apologize when he has offended.

M. C. C.—The union between Scotland and England was not a subjugation. Upon the death of Queen Elizabeth without issue, she was succeeded by the rightful heir to the English throne, who was James VI., king of Scotland. Under him the kingdoms were necessarily and equally united. He derived his right to the throne of England from his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, who was descended from a sister of Henry VIII. Queen Elizabeth, upon her death-bed, recognized his claim, and expressed a desire that it should not be opposed.

A WIDOW writes to us to help her out of a dilemma. "I am twenty-two," she says, "and have had two offers of marriage. I admire the eloquence of one suitor, while I *love* another. What shall I do?" *You should never marry one man while your heart belongs to another;* that is very certain. We are inclined to the opinion, however, from the tone of your letter, that you will never love any man enough to hurt or embarrass either him or yourself.

FRANKLIN.—You cannot win a refined and sensitive young lady's regard by exhibitions of brutality, even though it be done under the pretence of avenging an insult which you fancied, or pretended to fancy, had been given to her. Ladies, as a general thing, abhor violence and cruelty; and one who did not abhor them would be apt to have her ladyhood called in question. You should take an early opportunity to do away with the bad impression you made on the young lady's mind.

ENQUIRER.—What is a young man to do, when the lady to whom he is engaged passes him in the street, without speaking? He is to go immediately to her, as he has a right to do, and ask her the reason for her strange conduct. If she declines giving any, we think he will not have occasion to call upon her again, until she sends for him.

EUDORA.—Perfume, taken in drops, or candy, or otherwise, will not remedy a bad breath. It may *overpower* it for a time; but the evil remains. The only way to overcome it is to maintain the most absolute good health, cultivate habits of perfect cleanliness, and take a plenty of exercise in the open air.

HOPE T.—If you receive a letter from a gentleman, are you, who are not yet of age, obliged to show it to your parents, when they are aware you have received it? If they request it, certainly; and if they do not, it would be wiser and better for you to show your love for and confidence toward them, by *offering* to do so.

MATRON.—Whether crackers are healthy or otherwise, depends upon how and of what substances they are made. Some physicians have pronounced their doom, on the ground that only the *worst flour* is made into crackers; but we think this must be a mistake, or, at least, that it does not apply to *all* crackers.

LONDON.—You ask would it be proper for you to ask a young lady who is unaccompanied at an evening church to allow you to wait upon her home, when you have not been introduced. Of course not; she would, or *ought*, to feel insulted by such a proposition.

VIOLET.—On the whole, it would be best *not* to ask the gentleman to whom you are engaged to take you in his own chaise to ride, although he goes every day. We wonder he does not offer to do so of his own accord. He must be a selfish fellow.

MOTHER.—Whether or not India-rubber shoes are unhealthy, must be decided by the experience of each person for himself. The question has been settled *both ways*.

MARY.—Yes, there are many Jews in Ireland who were born in that country, whom you may call "Irish Jews" if you will. We believe there is no large city in Christendom which has not Jews among its inhabitants.

P.—We think you and your lady-friends were very rude to laugh at the remark of a gentleman guest, until he became sufficiently disconcerted to leave. You owe him an apology for it.

CÆSAR.—The battle of New Orleans was fought on Sunday; so, also, was the battle of Waterloo, and, we believe, Austerlitz.

J. H. DAY.—This correspondent says that the young people of Iowa, living in his section, have been discussing a question that has grown out of the grammatical construction of the following sentence: "The depth of the impression arose from the irresistible conviction that the spirit of God was there." The question is as to the nominative or subject of the verb *arose*. Our correspondent says, "At first, everybody but myself maintained that the word *depth* is the subject of the verb, but after I had analyzed the sentence, some of them came over to my side and agreed that the word *impression* is the subject. I transposed the sentence so as to make it read thus: 'The impression arose from the depth of the irresistible conviction that the spirit of God was there,' and then I showed conclusively that the word *impression* is the real subject of the verb *arose*. But now the question is, have I, by my transposition, obscured or changed the sense of what the author meant to convey? There's the *rub*." Your transposition makes a new sentence altogether, which flatly contradicts the original. The author says that the *depth* of the impression, and *not* the impression itself, arose from the irresistible conviction, &c., and says nothing about the *depth* of the irresistible conviction; you, on the contrary, say that the *impression* arose from the *depth* of the irresistible conviction. Your opponents are clearly in the right.

MAGGIE.—This young lady writes several pages to tell us that she has "a gentleman friend" whom she likes and who likes her, and that their society is prized by, and is profitable to, each other; but, unfortunately, said gentleman friend is jealous of other gentlemen friends who pay her attentions, and wants her to "give them all up," which, of course, she *can't* do, and *that* makes gentleman friend number one melancholy and down-hearted, and his melancholy and down-hearted condition makes *her* melancholy and down-hearted, and they are having a most miserable time of it all round; and so she wants the LEDGER to come to the rescue, and say whether or not she had better give up all other gentlemen friends for the purpose of restoring that melancholy and down-hearted man to his pristine cheerfulness. We rather think not—at least not until he becomes your affianced lover. A mere *friend* who could ask a lady to do such a thing, and bore her from day to day with his melancholy visage because she hesitated to comply with his absurd request, must be a most selfish and "simmy-sammy" fellow.

SIGMA.—Should you learn to give things their right names and understand their real significance, you would perhaps take a different view of the matters to which you refer. What is called the *applause of a mob*, is a very different thing from *public opinion*. Public opinion is the expression of society, of the wise and the considerate—not of the unthinking. It is the unerring testimony of the "multitude of counsellors" to the principles of right and wrong. It fixes the character of events, consecrates great actions, rewards public virtue, incites to emulation, never fails in making just discriminations, and is the terrible simoom that blasts forever the wrong-doer, let his pretensions be what they may. Such a power is not only worthy of respect and consideration, but he who is so lost to shame and the impulsions of a noble ambition as not to care for it, is himself unworthy of the trust or respect of his fellow-men.

THALIA.—We have repeatedly given it as our opinion that no young lady of proper feelings and principles would ever treat her mother with disrespect or unkindness, or persist in a course of disobedience to maternal authority. As long as you are a minor, and especially while you are beneath your mother's roof and subsist upon her means, you should obey her with alacrity and treat her with the most considerate respect and kindness. After you become of age, or go out into the world to fight the battle of life on your own means, you may of course exercise your own discretion and judgment, even when they conflict with your mother's; but even in such a case you should not exhibit any diminution of your kindness and respect, but rather an increase of them, so as to render your deviation from your mother's advice and authority as little unpleasant to her as possible.

ALPHONSO.—Great soldiers are seldom, if ever, quarrelsome, or quick to anger on account of personal wrongs or affronts. Washington was an eminent instance of this fact, and the same is true of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon and Wellington. There are exceptions, however, to every rule, and the most striking exception to this one was General Jackson. But, then, nearly his whole life, up to the time he went into the army, had been a prolonged fight, or series of fights, whereby the tone of his temper and disposition had become fixed in quarrelsomeness. Besides this, he scarcely ever passed a day free from great bodily pain, and *that*, of itself, was enough to make him quick-tempered and irritable. With all his faults, we wish he were alive and at the head of affairs now.

MICHIGAN.—When we say of an army that it is "demoralized," we do not refer to the state of its morals, but mean that it is disheartened, has lost its spirit and discipline. Thus, the French army after Waterloo was demoralized, and our army, for a few days after Bull Run, was demoralized. It was in this sense that Napoleon used the word moral, when he said that in war the moral force is to the physical as three to one; i. e., ten thousand men full of spirit and confidence are a match for thirty thousand who are cowed and discouraged. Thus, also, we constantly speak of the "moral effect" of a victory or a defeat, meaning its effects on the spirits of the belligerents.

HECTOR.—You say, that at a party, the other night, you were introduced to a young lady, when, in about half an hour, you and she "*run out of talk;*" that you, of course, wanted to get away, but could not, without being very rude, and ask what you should have done under such circumstances. You should have made a joke of the fact, and laughed over it together. The moment you began to act *naturally* toward each other, all stiffness and awkwardness would have vanished, and you would have no longer been at a loss for topics for conversation.

SAMUEL.—There is a chance for any young man of capacity and integrity "to work his way up in the army from the ranks to the grade of a commissioned officer." No where in this country will the qualities of industry, activity, integrity, intelligence, courage, neatness and promptness be more valued and better rewarded than in the army, for some time to come. The soldier who learns his whole duty and does it with cheerfulness and thoroughness, will be almost certain of recognition and promotion.

C. M.—Yes, Gov. Magoffin is right in his statement that President Lincoln and Jefferson Davis are both natives of Kentucky. William H. Seward is *not* a native of Georgia. Your informant might have got that impression from the fact that Mr. Seward taught school in Georgia when a young man. We do not believe that either he or his wife ever owned any slaves there. Mr. Seward and Horace Greeley are not brothers-in-law.

INDIANA.—This innocent correspondent asks what was the name of the great general who was called "the hero of a hundred battles." Every great general has been so called. We believe, however, that no man ever lived who actually took part in a hundred battles, and probably not one who was present in a hundred engagements of any kind.

INQUISITIVE.—We do not see the need of another "national anthem." What could we have better than the Star Spangled Banner? The tune is everything that could be desired, and the words are infinitely superior to that string of idiotic bosh called God save the Queen. Take it for all in all, no nation has a nobler national anthem than the Star Spangled Banner.

SALLUST.—Your friends from Ireland need be under no apprehensions about procuring land. It is a peculiarity of western farmers, that they are willing at all times to sell out, and the best way for emigrants to proceed who have a little money, is to buy a farm that has been improved. In all the large towns of the western country there are offices for the sale of land.

DAGGER.—It is not probable that the war spirit which is now so universal in this country will bring the practice of dueling into good repute. There will of course be many off-hand quarrels, and here and there a man wounded or slain, but instances of the formal and premeditated taking of life for private affronts will continue to be rare and exceptional.

INVALID.—Our impressions are against taking consumptives to tropical countries, unless the removal is to be permanent. We never knew a short visit to a warm country do lasting good. By short visit we mean one season, or six months.

CASCADE.—When a couple have been engaged to be married, and the engagement has been broken off, and either party desires the return of letters, the request should always be complied with. The same rule applies to portraits and every other present.

T. J.—A man who is afraid that some one else may make love to and win a girl whom *he* loves, before he can secure her himself, should at once go to work zealously to place the matter beyond doubt.

L. S. D.—We can only say, that faint heart never won fair lady, and that if you love the girl you speak of, you will not be discouraged because she *once* declined going with you, when you invited her.

E. L.—When a lady and gentleman enter or leave a church, the gentleman in each case should precede the lady.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*